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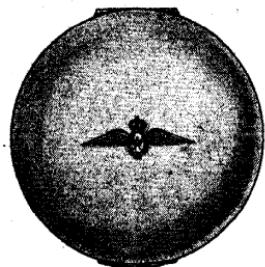
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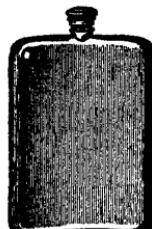
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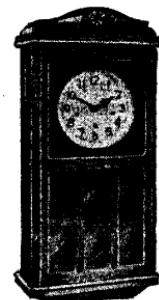
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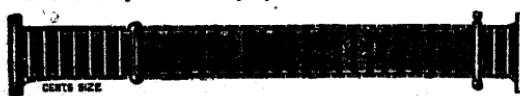
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deadly rabies, so often transmitted to Man by the bite of a mad dog, belongs to the past. Rinderpest, the cattle plague that kills millions of beasts in Europe and Africa, does not now exist. Anthrax is no longer a farmer's nightmare. Destructive diseases of sheep and lambs due to gas gangrene bacilli can be prevented and cured. Foot and mouth disease is better under control than anywhere else in Europe. But these achievements, great in themselves, are no more than a beginning on a small scale. Similar problems on a much vaster scale remain to be tackled in India. Not to mention the need to extend the fight to diseases such as tuberculosis, contagious abortion, mastitis, sterility and ill-health due to parasitic worms — diseases which are estimated to cost £20 millions a year within the small compass of the British Isles alone! How much more do they cost India? In the era of preventive animal medicine, now opening, synthetic organic chemicals will play a decisive part. The worker in the biological research laboratory and the chemist in the factory are uniting to help the veterinary profession to control the diseases of animals and thereby sustain the health of the nation.



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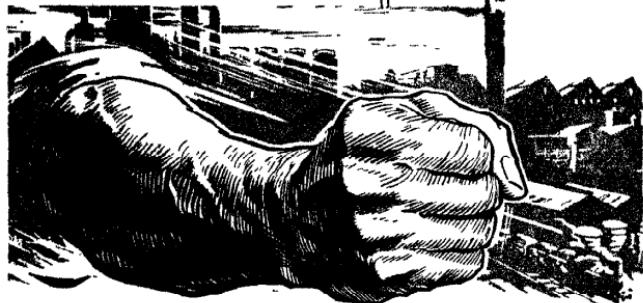
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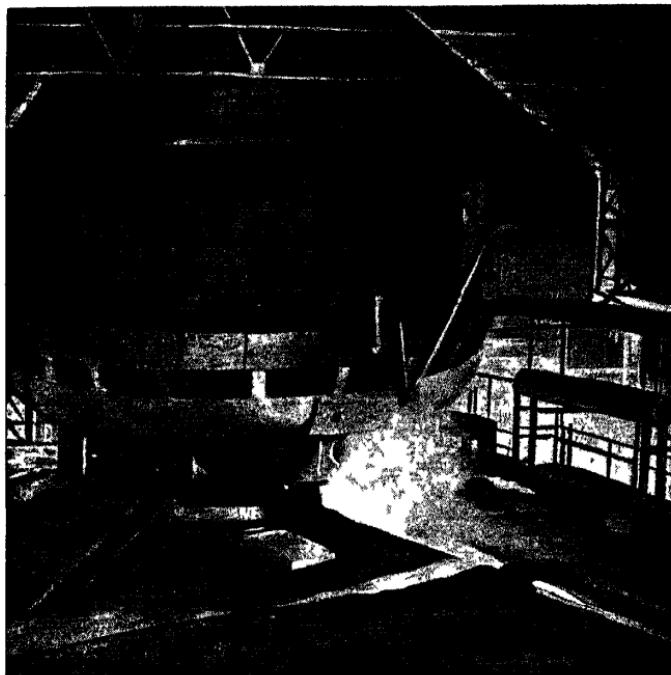
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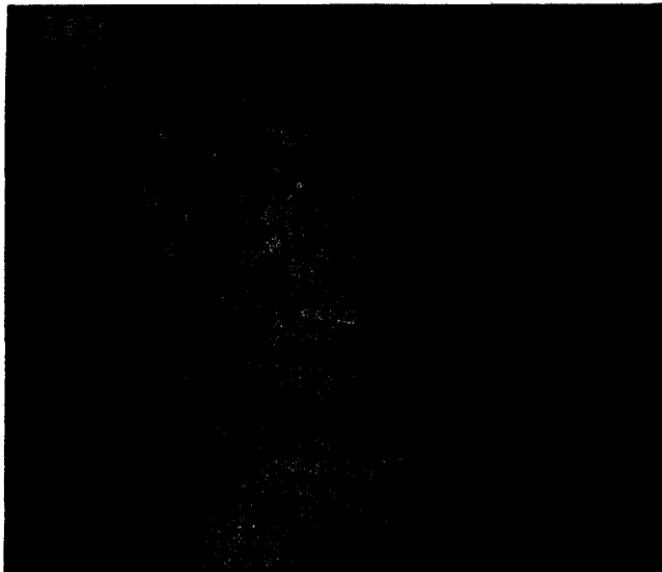
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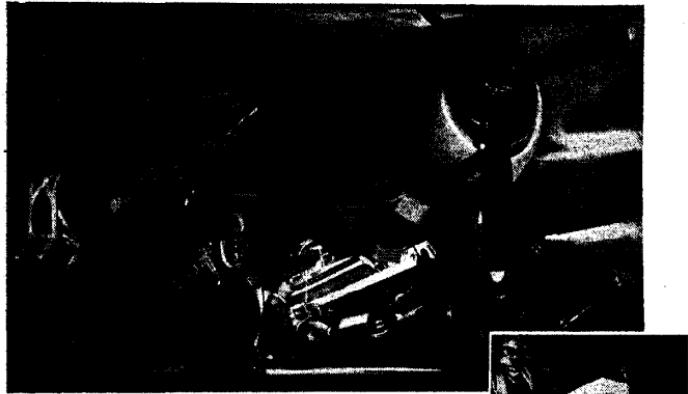


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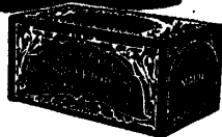
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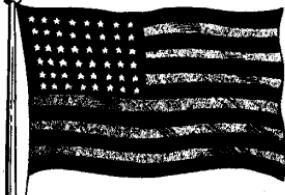
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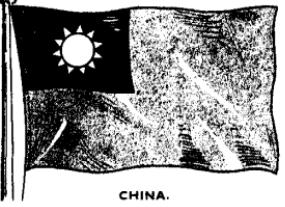


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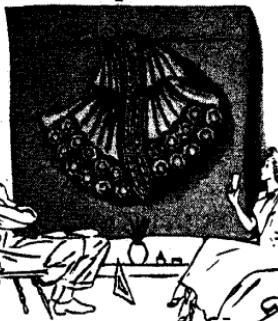
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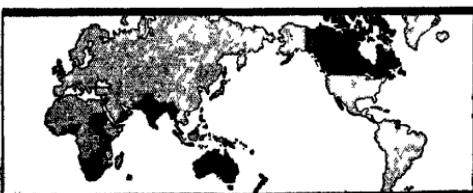
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## TO CONTRIBUTORS

Features and Photographs Wanted.

THE Editor of *The Onlooker* invites authors and writers to submit short articles of interest in Hunting, Shooting and Fishing; news articles on women's subjects; and humorous articles and verse. He will also be glad to consider photographs of a social nature, such as appear in *The Onlooker* monthly by the late Sir John Payne. Payment will be made at the usual rates. Stamped envelopes should be enclosed with MSS and photographs if they are to be returned. Engagement and similar photographs will not be paid for. Photographs should be accompanied by descriptions typed separately. If written on the backs names must be clear and distinct.

### "THE ONLOOKER"

United India Building,  
Sir Phirozshaw Mehta Road,  
BOMBAY

# The ONLOOKER

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April 1944

No. 4

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*The* **ONLOOKER**  
*sees most of the game*

Vol. VI.

APRIL 1944

No. 4

charming picture  
"the Shah of Persia  
and his family  
seen by Cecil  
Beaton during his  
recent visit to that  
country.





Her Majesty, Queen Wilhelmina of the Netherlands, conferred the Knight Grand Cross of the Order of Orange-Nassau on Air Chief Marshal Sir Richard Peirse, Air Commander-in-Chief, South East Asia, in recognition of the excellent co-operation of the R.A.F. with Her Majesty's Forces in defence of the Netherlands East Indies against the Japanese. Sir Richard Peirse recently received the insignia from the hands of Monsieur A. Meren, Netherlands Consul-General at New Delhi. Monsieur A. Meren and Sir Richard Peirse are seen with other members of the Dutch delegation. The group includes: Left to right, the Dutch ladies and officers; in the centre, the Dutch men; right, the members of the embassy, plus General Sir George Giffard, Lt-General Sir Edgar Morris, Air Marshal Sir Guy Gurney, Brig-General Eugene H. Beebe, U.S. Air Force; Rear Admiral G.J.A. Miller, Air Vice Marshal Goddard and Mrs. Goddard, Lady Auchinleck and Sir Archibald Rowlands. Among the Dutch ladies and officers were—Madame Meren, Monsieur Hasselman, Netherlands Naval Air Service, and Capt. J. F. Van Poederoen, R.N. Army. Consul: Capt. J. H. P. Perks, Cmdr. K. J. A. Meester, Netherlands Naval Air Service, and Capt. J. F. Van Poederoen, R.N. Army.

## Looking On:

# Women War Workers

THE opening of a new headquarters for the W.W.S. in Delhi and the encouraging address given by Her Excellency, Viscountess Wavell, has given a fresh impetus to enrolment in that body of unofficial, unpaid but enthusiastic war workers. So has the news brought by recent arrivals from England and Australia of the tremendous sacrifice being made by women in these countries.

War work is essential from two points of view. The women who do it are doing something in their own line or are trained to something new which urgently requires doing—it is national work of the first importance to the war effort. On the other hand, it is important as there is nothing more dangerous than an idle woman in these days of mental strain. She is dangerous in that, being outside of the circle of workers, she is inclined to be bitter about it and reactionary in her outlook.

There is no excuse today for the idle woman. There is far more work to be done in every centre than there are helpers and yet it is today a regrettable fact that among the better classes of European and Indian women there are still quite a number who have not faced the position fairly and squarely and gone all out to help win this war in quick time. Their help is most urgently required and ignorance can be no defence as a hundred different avenues are open to them. If they are at a loss as to where to begin they only have to read "The

Onlooker" or look at many of its photographs and they will see what other women are doing right through the country. India is proud of those women and they

deserve the fullest credit and support.

Somewhat slow of the mark in the matter of uniforms for women workers, there are today

smart turnouts for almost every service and a woman sacrifices nothing in charm by wearing any of them. Her efficiency and that of her service, however, is considerably increased and she can experience something of that *esprit de corps* which a uniform and a unit engenders.

On the other hand the woman who is shy of getting into uniform (and there are many) will find other ways of service open to them through the ranks of the W.W.S. To them is given a badge which indicates to the world at large that they are doing their bit.

**The Onlooker.**

## Tropical Birds . . . . .



## The Stool Pigeon

" . . . some little birds are quiet at home on a perch."

## To My Wife

I have a lovely photograph  
That stands upon my desk,  
And sometimes, when I look  
at it

Through half a veil of tears,  
I reach towards my memory  
To span the dragging years :  
And as my eyes grow still  
more dim

It almost disappears.  
Then from the frame I see  
my love

As though it were to-day,  
Come stepping out towards  
me

In her own especial way,  
She has a special smile for me  
That only we two know,  
She's radiant in her loveliness,

Why am I honoured so?  
I'm blinded by a mist of  
tears,

And when I look again,  
There is my lovely photo-  
graph,  
Still standing in its frame.

**C. E. G.**

# Sandspytte

## Being An Extract From The Diary of Daniel Jepsy, Traveller

By "Michael."

OF delights hath this city of Kurrachee but small endowment of nature, so a few of her citizens much set upon their wits for the devising of sports and pastimes and this especially in time of war.

Hence ariseth the custom prevailing in this city, whereby certain rich merchants and officers of the Crown et al. will make themselves up as Lord's Day by water to a parcel of desert, nomine Sandspytte, that lieth to the westward beside the sea, and there disport themselves with their wives and their children in bathing and drinking of ale and other curiosities of the country and in copious eating of mutton, and thereafter in sleeping upon beds; for they have upon this strand huts, albeit of a rough and ready fashioning, wherein to sleep from the sun's heat and to have made private of the waves and of the barbarous fisherfolk that do inhabit those parts. And in these divers pastimes they do make merrym and are of exceeding good cheer from morn till eve returning only at dusk, when you shall see the crafts of their crafts come silent like great scuds home across the waters to their bays.

Now, as it chanced, about the tenth day of my sojourn in Kurrachee that a certain comely matron did bid me be of her company in this sport, said this, said Sandspytte, so I did tally forth or cock-a-walk, (as it seemed to me who am no disciple of the lark in this matter of rising), and sat me in a "gbarrow," which is a most villainous sort of couch commonly offered to hire in these parts. And notwithstanding this, this being a "gbarrow" being drawn by as scurvy a nag as I ever clapped eyes on, yet did the vile arab upon the box so flatter Jehu in spurring of his poor Dublin that we did cover the distance from Kurrachee to the sands half an hour unto the jetty at which the boats did lie; where, sooth to say, I did most faithfully set foot once more upon Mother Earth for the swaying and the swinging and the groaning of the couch, which had no little affrighted me upon the water.

Yet had I not taken above two paces from the spot, when I was set upon by such a press of foul and stinking knaves as, pray God, shall never again be my ill fortune to be plagued with, and they as catching me by the limb and pulling upon me in their harsh tongue in such wise as "Kooilish, kooilish," so that I could scarce live for the throng and the stench of them. And assuredly had I suffered both hurt and dispoliment at their hands, had not a certain comely dame a stout english serpant, who did lay about him most illiously crying in a great voice, "Boko, boko" and "Sub cheew, woppe," to their great despair, so that they were speedily put to flight and their ill intent counteracted. So did put me in mind of him of whom the prophet Isaiah spake, when he said, "One thousand shall flee at the rebuke of one."

Upon to the sand's edge and span, and bring with these waitin me with their two children and those being of a most sprightly humour, the one having a young tortoise for a plaything and the other a little spade for the building of castles upon the strand. Wherin, methought, mightily did haply the need of distinction; and rightly so, for he had a small boat, small while upon the water and therew arose a contention betwixt the twain, the one desiring the tortoise and the other not willing that he should have it. And so the brother, biting his sister upon the head in a fit of spleen, she fell to lamenting most piteously; and upon the brother chastising his son for his cruelty there arose such an ulation about the waters as did affright the very



"REALLY Hugh! — You may have bestman at my wedding, but you needn't start aspiring to be corespondent, at my divorce!"

fools among the mangroves encompassing the creek. And thereafter peace for a while; for mine host, perceiving the caus bell, to wit the tortoise, lying upon her back upon the floor all unattended, did lay her hand upon the same, possess her snithy within a little basket beside the boat's mast; wherein did lie great comfort for the tortoise, this same basket containing many fair morsels and salads prepared for the delighting of our hostess. And when she had laid the fill of feasting did contrive to clamber from her delectable durance and thence upon the boat's floor all besmeared with pastes and saucers to the great present merriment and later doings of us all. And so did the Sandspytte all come in to roost, for then we did lugger when upon a mudbank, at which time the sailors going overboard to lighten our craft, nerly must mine host's great fool of a dog do likewise; and being brought at last inboard again so to go about and sett himself as to bespatter us mightily with water and mud to our great discontent.

Thereafter upon our coming to Sandspytte mine host did straightway present me that she should be upon when mine host's son coming directly did contrive to unloatch it so that it fell straightway down and did engulf me utterly within its beams and canvas. And while I lay thus helpless this same spring gull fall to knocking my plughole, and failing to bring me up with sand in such wise as would have done credit to any sexton. And being at last released from my imprisonment and half choked with sand within, all thoughts of sleep being now fled from me, I did flaccid hat.

Thereafter at last to bed, but not so long; for the tortoise did sit upon when mine host's son coming directly the which, slack she could not give him for the lack of some device, which they do call in these parts the "Kolinka Cheese." Wherefore he, greatly wroth, did seize a pair of shears and the thereof upon the sill in so hasty a fashion that the ale did run suddenly out for the most part upon my nose, at which mishap he did laugh most heartily and I too, for the matter of that, albeit

with less conviction. And but a little while later, to add to the sum of our misfortune, did mine host's great fool of a dog in leaping hither and thither knock down and break the flask containing the liquor with to cool out the tortoise to mine hostess's great sorrow, such tasks being very costly, it seems, in these warlike times.

And thereafter having drunk somewhat of wine also and a few gill or two with which I had been in want of, the tortoise had not seen fit to driffo, I, under the persuasion of Morpheus, did go and lay me full gladly upon a mattress within the shade. But mine host, perceiving me, did updrak me shortly for my sins, and when I did lay me down to dish to be washed. And so down to the sea with a pile of platters; and I somewhat cast down albeit smiling bravely withal. Moreover, in this dicing employ did I acquit myself to the great displeasure of mine host for the loss of a fish which did possess a pair or twain of cutlets in the surf. "Darum," said levi fit patnia, as Pheasen hath it.

Thereafter at last to bed, but not so long; for the tortoise did sit upon when mine host's son coming directly the which, slack she could not give him for the lack of some device, which they do call in these parts the "Kolinka Cheese." Wherefore he, greatly wroth, did seize a pair of shears and the thereof upon the sill in so hasty a fashion that the ale did run suddenly out for the most part upon my nose, at which mishap he did laugh most heartily and I too, for the matter of that, albeit

## "Five Per Cent For Heating!"

On Simla's icy mountain-top  
We live—mid snow and hail and  
sleet—  
Mid cold and rain  
With frozen feet—  
Without a drop of water hot!  
Our noses red—  
Our spirits blue—  
We are a patriotic crew!  
But there is one thing that we  
resent,  
And it is that extra five per cent  
**FOR HEATING!**

Huts are draughty, bleak, and  
cold  
But *still* they charge "for  
heating!"—  
And if the inmates make so bold  
To summon courage to complain,  
Their rates are only raised again  
At the next Directors' Meeting!  
We're rather smelly and unwashed  
Because there's no hot water—  
And if we ask for it we're squashed  
And told we didn't oughter!  
We're told we're *awfully* lucky  
To pay double for a stable,  
And that we must be plucky  
And remember those unable  
To live in all this "luxury"—  
Where hotels throw in pneumonia  
—free!  
And think how *now* off we would  
be  
We're in Enemy Territor—  
(But that's not helping you and  
me!)—  
And still we pay for "heating"!"

## Chorus

We've measles and chills  
And all other ills  
To which the flesh is heir.  
We're cold and we're damp—  
We've chills and cramp—  
We've no coal and scant wood—  
We'd be clean—if we could—  
But we've no water for washing—  
And what is so crushing—  
And so dashed unfair—  
And so hard to bear—  
And what takes so much heating—  
And causes this sad blathering—  
Is, as I hope you're aware,  
THAT WE'RE STILL PAYING  
FOR "HEATING"!"

## "Punct."

resign myself thereunto for gazing sadly upon the sea and did get a gill or two of brandy to help me so that I was hard put to it thereafter to wear the proper air of enjoyment fitting to this sort of occasion.

And at last, the evening growing chill, to the boat again to my content, and so home again, and straight to bed, but that the tortoise did fall overboard, whether by design or chance I know not, to the great grief of the little maid, who would not be comforted for all that her father did assert again and again that said tortoise was but a turtle in truth and would fare exceeding well in the water.

And so to mine own lodgings and to the case of mine own chair and a goblet of fair scotch whisky. And anon to me there came a knocking at my door, and a messenger bearing a billet, which I opening did read as follows, "Dear Mr. Jepsy, We are making up a party for next Sunday for Sandaptye and would be very happy if you would be of our number....."

## RATIONING

If you have difficulty under our rationing scheme in procuring your copy regularly write to the Circulation Manager, The "ONLOOKER," United India Building, Sir Pirozshah Mehta Road, Bombay.





Members of the Sukkur W.V.S. (who also run a soldiers' canteen at Rohri Junction) at a Red Cross Work Party. Reading from L. to R. are:—(STANDING) Miss. Merchant, Mrs. Holt, President of the W.V.S., and wife of Mr. E. H. Holt, I.C.S. Collector, Sukkur, on the verandah of which this photograph was taken; Mrs. Judge, wife of Mr. D. Judge, late D.S.P., Sukkur, now in Karachi; Mrs. Hindenburg, wife of Mr. H. Hindenburg, Manager, Associated Cement Company, Rohri; Mrs. Crosbie, Convenor of the Red Cross Work Party and wife of Mr. J. Crosbie, Mechanical Engineer for Sind, P.W.D., and Mrs. Thompson, Hon. Secretary, W.V.S. and wife of Mr. A. C. B. Thompson, Agent, Imperial Bank of India, Sukkur. (SITTING) Miss. Norma Birkett, Mrs. Lewis, wife of Mr. F. Lewis, late Deputy Supt. of Police, Sukkur, now in Shikarpur; Miss. Sabhita, daughter of Mr. T. Sabhita, Advocate; Mrs. Longman, wife of Mr. W. N. Longman, Supt., Jail, Sukkur; Mrs. Adrianiwalla, Mrs. Bam, wife of Mr. P. Bam, Chief Engineer, Associated Cement Co., Rohri and Mrs. Birkett, wife of Mr. R. Birkett, Sukkur. Members unable to be present include:—Mrs. Paymaster, wife of Mr. B. B. Paymaster, Sessions Judge; Mrs. Mulchand, Mrs. Sethna, Mrs. Kerr, Mrs. Pirzada, Mrs. Kauskabadi, Mrs. Panti, Miss Sorabji and Miss Bharucha.



Mrs. Alex Burns-Lawson at the Bombay Races. She has just received the Queen's Award for her work in the Red Cross. She did all the Red Cross Fete organised by Mrs. Tulyarshan and at which she successfully conducted "Ye Old: Ship Inn."



The Children's Recreational Centre, Lahore, which is being run by the Punjab Children's Aid Society, and which is the hub of various activities of the children, was visited recently by Lady Glancy. Those in the group include:—Mrs. B. L. Rullia Ram, Mrs. Puri, Mrs. Pandit, Mrs. Nasir, Lady Glancy, D. B. Raja Narendra Nath, Mrs. Barucha, Miss E. M. White, in charge of the Centre, and Mr. J. G. Bhandari.



The exhibition in the Victory Shop at Simla of Red Cross Hospital Stores and comforts and samples of Prisoners of War parcels during Red Cross Week was of interest. Practical demonstrations were also given. The sum raised in Simla during the Week amounts to over Rs. 18,000. The group in front of Victory Shop shows from L. to R. —Mrs. Bosworth, Mrs. Andrews, Nursing Officer; Mrs. Phipson, Mrs. Tennant, L. Dist. Supt.; Mrs. Moise, Nursing Sister and Mrs. Bapuji.



Members of the Indian War Services Entertainment Committee, Vizagapatam, which is working for the amanities of the Indian troops and officers. The various activities of the Committee include:—organising the most interesting of the various entertainments, including fire-eating shows, entertaining the troops with magic and magic, free tiffin counters and selling various articles at the lowest cost price, visiting hospital and distributing sweets and so on to the I.D.R. patients. From L. to R. are:—(FRONT ROW) Mrs. Manekji, Miss Lazarus, Mrs. Iswariyah, Mrs. P. N. Ramaswami (President), Mrs. P. S. Naidu, Dr. (Miss) Naidu, and Rao Sabih P. S. Naidu. (BACK ROW) Mr. M. Patacharbroma Reddi, Mr. S. J. Reddi, Mr. P. Mukundanayulu, Dr. Iswariyah, Mr. D. Sharadamurthy, Secretary, and Mr. M. Venkatakrishnan.



*Lt.-General Finnis, N. W. Army, in happy mood at tea with Brigadier and Mrs. Stubbings, during the visit of H. E. the Commander-in-Chief to the K.G.R.I.M. School, Jhelum, to open the new house named after him. Auchinleck House.*



Some of the officers of a Divisional Headquarters "somewhere in India." From L. to R. are:—Capt. Bakshi Sing, Major (the Rev.) W. Hall, Lt. W. H. Fairhurst, Major H. B. Grimley, M.B.E., and Capt. N. L. Macassey.



(L. to R.) Major Johnny Miles, Capt. Gee-Heaton and Lt. Phillipson, all of the R.I.A.S.C., face the sun with a smile, from a station "somewhere in India."



Officers of a Madras Regt. Battalion snapped during an off duty period. They are from L. to R.:—(IN FRONT) Lt. W. Walters, Capt. K. B. A. Easthope and Capt. M. M. Butcher. (IN THE REAR) Lt. J. A. C. Franklin and Capt. J. H. Williams.



*A happy Sunday morning trio at the Jullundur Club, L. to R. are :—Capt. J. Hodgson, Miss J. Hinchcliffe, Q.A.I.M.N.S.R., and Capt. C. Bushby.*

*Have You Read about:*

## **“The Red Tape Worm”**

**On Page 95 of "The Onlooker" Book of Verse.**  
*See Page 50 for full details.*



Capt. George Anderson, "Andy" to most of his friends, watches the game with great interest, while awaiting his turn to bat.



At an "At Home" given by Capt. A. A. Greenwood and Capt. Nawabzada S. Murtaza Ali Khan, As.D.C., to H.E. the Commander-in-Chief. From l. to r. are:—Capt. J. B. F. Fortune, M.C., S/Ldr. F. T. Cox, Capt. G. H. U. Crookshank, Capt. J. Schaller, Capt. A. A. Greenwood, Capt. Nawabzada S. Murtaza Ali Khan, Major P. D. Coats, S/Ldr. D. S. Wilson, Capt. the Earl of Luton, and Lt.-Col. W. R. P. Ridgway, T.D.



Officers of an Indian Air Force Squadron had a day off recently in Bhopal, where they enjoyed swimming and tennis. The photograph shows from l. to r. (STANDING) P/O Chawla, P/O Basu, P/O Akbar, S/Ldr. A. A. Greenwood, P/O Maitra, P/O David, P/O Pawar, P/O Nortoma, F/O Decca, E/O Balak, P/O Naredi, P/O Deshmukh, and F/O Satyedran. (SITTING) F/O Base, F/O Thapar, F/O Asphar Khan, P/O Chawla and P/O Gidha. The Indian Air Force celebrates the anniversary of its establishment in April.



With full Olympic rituals, H.E. the Commander-in-Chief declared open the Yadvendra Stadium at Patiala in the presence of a huge gathering, including Lady Auchincleck, Their Highnesses of Rampur, Nabha and Jind, and high civil and military officials. In the centre, H.E. the C-in-C, accompanied by H.H. the Maharajah of Patiala, is seen arriving at the Olympic Stadium.



The Supreme Commander, S.E.A.C., recently visited some Coastal Forces personnel. The officers seen here from l. to r. are:—Commander Ashby, D.S.C., R.N.V.R., Capt. Busbridge, O.B.E., D.S.C., R.N., Admiral Lord Louis Mountbatten, Lt. Hamish Mackenzie, Burma R.N.V.R., Lt. Hoyes-Cock, R.I.N.V.R., and Lt. Franklin, R.I.N.V.R.



Col. Johnson Cole, Assistant Director of Recruiting, and Vice-Admiral Godfrey, F.O.C., R.I.N., photographed at the War Services Exhibition held recently in Patiala, in connection with the Olympic Games.



The Children's Meet outside the Kennels, Peshawar Vale Hunt

## Why Not Keep A Hunting Diary?

By Georgiana.

ON my ninth birthday, some time ago now, I'm afraid, I was presented with a book, which was to be my Hunting Diary. It was a stout, leather-bound exercise book, and in the back leaf the owner wrote my name, followed by these instructions:

"First put the date, day of month and year—then what Hounds you were out with, where they met, where they found, where they stopped, where they killed—how long they ran when and where they checked—what you rode—how you were carried—what was out and anything else of note."

For children this is an ideal and most accurate way of keeping a hunting book, one can get a great deal of amusement out of reading one's amateurish efforts, but I don't think it matters when one starts. I used to write up my hunts most methodically every evening on my return home, and my mother would always add: "Showing?" Point to Points, and any other horse events in which I took part. Before me now I have a most entertaining (if only to myself) record of all my hunts, shows and to some from my first day of age right up to the present time. Sometimes I admit it needed a little will power to get down to pen and paper, but it is worth it.

### Photos Of My Horses

I painted a picture of many of the ponies and later horses I made hunting and showing, numerous paper cuttings of runs, Hunt Balls, show results together with Show Catalogues and photographs from illustrated papers of—peahens, my judges, or fellow-competitors, if not of myself. There was a fairly good pencil, as are many, people who love riding and horses, and I illustrated fairly profusely when I was younger such events as when I attended, at a tender age, on great occasions like the show, had a race round with the other competitors in a most undignified manner twice round the ring (I couldn't stop it), and other amusing episodes.

I do feel unceasingly grateful to my grandfather for giving it to me, because it is a continual source of amusement and interest, and it is fun to recall the runs one has perhaps forgotten, to see how one's writing changes from year to year, and also challenges the reader to take notes of what the crowds are doing, so that at the end of a day they can write up a fair if not entirely adequate description. I have accounts of hunts with the Holderness, York and Ainsty, Scarborough, and the like, from Delhi, Rawalpindi and P.V.H., of shows all over India, and in many parts of England, of pagal gymkhana, Point-to-Points, and many illustrations, to mention the contents but briefly. So I suggest, if you are hunting, that it is a suitable gift for a niece in England, or one of your

keen young offspring in India, you give her or him a Hunting Diary as it is obviously a gift which will be appreciated, or again, you have leisure hours to spare occasionally, and hope to get the cold day's Hunting and Showhunting now and again, begin one yourself.

### Hunting At 9

Here, word for word, spelling included, is the hunting note of my second day's hunting, aged nine, and therefore you must not expect too much.

"December 31st 19—With the Holderness at Kilwick 19.

"We were in hunting for the meet, I trotted about on my pony for a few hours, as I thought he would be fresh because he was very naughty yesterday. He behaved very well."

"The Hounds drew a small cover in the morning, and when we were about after him, they did not kill it so then we went on to another place and found another fox after Hunting it for some time all same home."

"I saw Jane and her two brothers, Granville, rode the Bunting Horse, O'Malley the Goh, Mary rode Dapplepig. There were no trotteys and my pony carried the very well."

Maybe that doesn't sound very exciting, but by the time I was thirteen I had written up my first account in fair hunting language, so here's wishing you luck and, believe me, you or your children will be in for an immense amount of enjoyment.



Mrs. C. D. Taylor, wife of Lt.-Col. C. D. Taylor, well known before the war among members of the Bombay Hunt and Bombay Light Horse, seen here with one of her lovely Alsatians, Mrs. Taylor, "Fredo", to her friends, received a Kaiser-i-Hind medal in the New Year's Honours.

## The Meerut Kadir, 1944

By Major G. P. Hall.

It is difficult to describe the thrill of finding oneself back in the old haunts after 13 months' absence. One's first thought is for one's horse; can the mare, which is now only two last but very difficult to get? A horse has a car or there has anyone else so a bus has to be hired. 'Byle carts' cost double and beaters want more but it is all we can afford.

A woman is now running the ten club. Old Hog Hunters will probably turn in their graves, but without the assistance of Mrs. Jackson and many who have helped during the war years the M.T.C. would no longer have continued. Some of the dogs are still here, others are working and if they can snatch a day in the Kadir they have certainly not got the time to lay on the hounds.

We hope to leave at two o'clock in order to arrive in time for a few hours' shooting, but there will be time for that on the morrow. Perhaps the journey is best forgotten as only the dogs achieve a modicum of comfort.

Suffice it to say that we arrive at last to be greeted by old Babu, the shikari and his camel, who are as impudent as ever.

"Salam Sabah."

"Salam Babu."

He looks younger, although he must be over 70, and we tell him so which pleases him a lot.

"What about yours?" A look of vast contempt spreads over his face.

"Of course there are yours; at least six." But that is all for tomorrow and we only have two hours in which to show something for the poor, quiet, well-bred, horses we are out.

It is all Black Partridge, mostly in sugar cane and we are all out of practice.

We shoot abominably but it is great fun.

We shoot again and get back to hot tea and whisky in front of a roaring camp fire.

### A Chilly Start

A chilly start before dawn as we are hunting Binner Island, miles away and the 'hut' will not swim the Ganges a bridge of boats will not carry the weight. We are on the hunting ground at last but only three spears. John Glen, the policeman, who is an old hand and Chris Lewis, our Group Captain, itching to try his hand with a spear in the first hunt.

Cover is terribly thick and three hours hunting and false alarms lowers everyone's spirits. It is always thick at this time of the year, a fact that one is apt to forget, Babu is inimitable and we suggest a rest for him.

We start again in a better frame of mind and before we are 10 minutes on the line the 'age wallah's' flag goes up. He is no fool so it must be riddable and we dash forward but the boat has a long start and is lost. Nothing for it but to run back and start the line again.

"Where did the brute go?" If only one knew!

My wife, who is with Babu on the camel, sees something in a bush. We

gather round, but the old man says it is only a hare. However, he condescends to put the camel into it.

"Woof, woof," and a thundering big pig collapses out. Beaters scatter in all directions and we are after it. A fast pig for its size but we have a start this time. Oh, the thrill of galloping over the Kadir on a good horse. That was a nullah but the mare saw it first and we are over. A bit of thick stuff and we run through it and are out in the open again. Pig getting tired and means business.

Anyone's pig but Chris is on him. No! He has turned and is coming to me. Blast! I have to jump in and John has started but he has broken a shaft. A good pig this and he is coming to me again. "Oh, what joy!" That was a good one and slowed him up but I must put in another as the mare is running. Thick cover again and I outwit him. He comes up behind and is into us. A bad spear that and the mare's heels go up. A sickening thud. Has he got us? No, the mare has caught him a corker and he is down. Well done, John!

We all seem to be there at the end, girlie and camel. Oh, for an iced drink! How long did it last? Perhaps only ten minutes but every second packed with thrills. The girls want to get home before dark as it is a three hour hack and Chris must go with them.

### Grass Eight Feed High

The mare is done and has to hunt the next day but John can lend me another and Babu has a place we must try. Can there be a pig in such a small cover? This is all we can find. John's side.

"With jabs and runs and crooked paths grass eight feet high. Into the open at last, but John has a 100 yards start. This is child's play but the pig has a point and if he makes it he is safe.

A long hard run ahead. Does the horse jump? He does but it is not the sort of ditch ones should have jumped and we are in it. Will he roll on my legs? He does, but the ground is so hard he is up again. John has stopped and says we've time to give the 'coupe de grace'. Nice work John, another 15 yards and the pig would have made it.

It is nearly dark now and we must be eight miles from camp. A long hard day and hard day but one has to talk over and tomorrow's hunt again.

Babu has a pustule marked down and we may be able to sit up for that before we leave.

Such is a day in the Kadir, inadequately described, but can you wonder that one always returns again?

### LIFE IN INDIA

Huntin', Shootin' and Fishin',  
Mirrored in Amusing Verse.

See Advertisement on page 50.



During the Jacobabad Horse Show week Mr. Roger Pearce, the Collector, and his wife, and Mr. Andrew Davies, D.S.P. (extreme left), had large house parties although, as hosts and hostesses, they do not appear to have been unduly worried. In the centre is one of the most entertaining visitors, Major Denis Aber, impersonating Mr. Middleton behind the hollyhocks in the Residency garden. On the right are a few of the members of the house parties. They are from left to right:—Mrs. Das, Mrs. (Bunty) Thompson, Mrs. Jane Holt, wife of Mr. E. H. Holt, Collector of Sukkur, Richard Holt, and Mr. Reginald Simpson, I.P.

## Tiger Shooting In Indian Forests

By Major G. S. Parti

**I**N India, it is a wide and common belief that tigers are common in the protected forests and that a person who on shooting has only to visit one of the forests and his interview with a tiger is a matter of course. The dream of a young shikari in this direction, however, is quickly shattered after his first visit to the forests where he may have spent a good deal of time and money trying to bag one of these, and the falsity of the above belief is quickly realised.

In forests which are easily accessible and are only a day or two's journey from large cities much slaughter has been done by so-called 'week-end' shikaris, who, by killing and wounding wild animals like deer on which the tiger preyed, had secured a good meal of food, and have also led him to seek it much away from borders of civilisation where game may still be had for stalking.

In hill ranges and big forests a sportsman still sometimes sees the sight of big pugs made on the ground, but beyond that there is no further evidence of their existence as tigers are great travellers and each one wanders over a large area stalking game which he loves, and sometimes killing cattle, not confined to one village but one here and one there, in places being distant from each other. That these days a shikari's hope must be surprised by 'luck' if he is to bag one.



This photograph was taken a few hours after the shoot and shows the author, Major G. S. Parti, seated on the tiger's stiffened body.

Man-eating tigers are extremely rare but they still inspire terror in the hearts of villagers living near jungles as no villager can feel safe over the area ranged by such a beast. I had the good fortune to bag a tiger a few years ago which had killed few unfortunate innocents. The chief victims were wood-cutters or young boys looking after cattle. There is generally no escape for such, as a man-eater crawls to within a few yards of his victim, and then dashes at him with a sharp cry of pain and terror from the unfortunate, perhaps, whilst the mummur makes for some thick hide with his prey to make his meal. I have no desire to tell that story here in detail as it has already been well chronicled.

### Shooting From Elephants

Much has been said about various methods employed in shooting tiger as this form of sport cannot be compared to shooting or stalking other game. Some prefer howdah shooting from elephants, where high grass prevents a sportsman getting a clear view of the game even at a distance of few yards apart. More experienced prefer to stalk, some arrange large organised beats and others sit over kills. I have personally experienced shooting a tiger from the back of a elephant and I believe this form of sport must be very interesting and exciting. It is mainly confined to those with large pockets who can afford considerable expense.

I have had occasions when I could have arranged to shoot one or two elephants in the jungle but I have always avoided them for reasons of my own, chief of which was the risk involved in using an untrained animal which will not face a tiger. I have frequently organised beats for elephant shooting, these however almost always resulted in the tiger escaping through the ring. On one of these beats I had arranged to beat a particular plantation for sambhar and deer or anything else that might turn up. The beat began and after a short time I

caught a glimpse of a few sambhar running down the nullah to my right about 200 yards away. Selecting a good head, I fired my rifle at the running sambhar, and it fell.

The beat continued over as the men usually heard a shot fired than they left off in a hurry to see what had been killed in spite of my protest, and contrary to all instructions given.

I pointed out to beaters the direction where the sambhar had taken and told them to go around that area and stay back from behind working it down the nullah where I would take up a position. This done, the men were on to the next beat and I selected a suitable position to wait. After a short time I heard the shouts of beaters afar off, but their progress was slow. No sambhar appeared and I got a bit tired and drowsy.

(Continued on page 44)



Captain Roy Harris, recently in Ooty. Capt. Harris was stand-off half for Bath pre-war, and got a Trial for England.

## My Shooting Autobiography

### 2. First Days In Persia

By Major B. L. Herdon, M.B.E.

WE arrived in Persia in September, 1918, to join the British Field Forces. Landing at Bushire late one evening we marched the few miles to Reshir where we joined the Base camp. I had taken out a gun with me, a spring gun being a better hammerless which I had bought some time before from that genial personality the late Duke Young of the North Western Railway, and I was soon seeking out what game there was in the vicinity during my spare hours. Actually there was very little; a few doves is all I remember shooting!

However, I had some interesting rambles round the various Consulates, and the British lying forces and did not remain long in Reshir without

considerable curiosity round the big empty rooms of the German Consulate, picnicing to myself brilliant functions and gatherings—and all the endless intrigue—which these deserted chambers must have been in the past.

The German Consul himself had escaped into the interior shortly after the outbreak of war and, being a resourceful and ingenious old gentleman, had raised quite considerable amount of trouble for us in the form of good many years. Cut off from all his resources, he yet managed to raise a lot of money for his campaign in a number of ingenious ways.

Those were the early days of wireless and certainly the few of the inhabitants of Persia who had any

(Continued on page 44)



**Uheral—Lamba**

S. Kuldip Singh Uheral, son of Major Tejash Singh Uheral, with his bride Sheela Lamba, daughter of Sardar Kuldip Singh Lamba, Honorary Magistrate and Provincial Darbari.



**White—Birks**

S/Ldr. L. B. White, recently married to Dorothy, who were recently married in Bombay. From l. to r. are—S/Ldr. A. Thompson, bridegroom and bride, Capt. C. J. Harrison and in front Penelope Rhodes.

Hamilton Studios.



**Wilkinson—Burns**

Sub-Lt. Alan Wilkinson, R.I.N.V.R., with his bride, Ruth Ellen Burns at the reception held at the General's House, Bombay, after their wedding at St. Thomas' Cathedral.



The engagement is announced between Lt. Colin Cameron Webb of Lahore and Miss Pamela Audrey Tutt of Simla.



**Grant—Ward**

After the wedding recently at Bangalore of Capt. Christopher Grant, youngest son of the late Admiral Sir Heathcoat Salisbury Grant, K.C.M.G., K.C.B., and Lady Grant, of Bonar House, Nairn, Scotland, and Miss Margaret Marion, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ward, The Cottage, Felmersham, Bedfordshire, England.



**Hooper—Sell**

Mr. Leslie E. Hooper, elder son of the late Mr. F. E. Hooper and Mrs. Hooper of Madras was married recently at George's Cathedral, Madras, to Hazel Sell, twin daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Sell of Madras.



The engagement is announced between Major T. H. Hopkins, A.I.R.O., attached R.I.A.S.C., only son of Mr. and Mrs. O. W. Hopkins of Chewton Kevisham, Somerset, and Audrey, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Lewis of Knowle, Bristol.



**"Onlookers" For Abroad**

We are glad to be able to inform readers that single copies of periodicals such as *The Onlooker* may be freely sent abroad without export licence.



The engagement has been announced between Major John Richard Meredith, Indian Engineers, and Amgoolie Tea Estates, Assam, only son of Dr. and Mrs. W. H. Meredith, Bournemouth, and Duphie Barbara, eldest daughter of Mr. S. T. H. Munsey, I.S.E., United Provinces, and Mrs. Munsey.

**Khalian—Singhamia**

Shrimati Mangla Gauri, the eldest daughter of Lala Kalashpatji Singhamia, the Director of K. Industries, President of K. Owners' Club of Calcutta, and brother of Sir Purnamitji Singhamia Kt., M.L.A., married Sri Tej Narain Khalian, son of Sri Debi Prasad Khalian, M.L.A., of Calcutta. Mr. Debi Prasad Khalian is Director of some prominent Birsa companies, an eminent militia of Bengal. Important people from all over the country joined the ceremony and many valuable presents were received by the bride from her parents and their friends.

**Wade—Gilchrist**

S/Ldr. R. A. Wade, R.A.F.V.R., of Bingley, Yorkshire, and Mrs. Margaret Ghans Gilchrist, Q.A.I.M.N.S. (R.) of Edinburgh, who were recently married at Secunderabad, Deccan.

**Jenkins—Sharpe**

Capt. John Peter ("Junior") Jenkins and his bride Miss Yolande Sharpe, daughter of Capt. and Mrs. R. A. Sharpe of Hubli and Madras. The wedding took place recently at St. Andrew's Church, Hubli. There was a large attendance at the reception given by the bride's parents at their residence at Hubli and also at a cocktail party given in Belgaum in the evening at the house of Major and Mrs. Coad for those who could not, on account of petrol restrictions, attend the wedding. The young couple, who are well known and much liked in Belgaum, have settled down to work again.

**Bingley—Chandraprabha Bai**

Capt. B. K. Bingley, Director of Agriculture, Indore, and Honorary I.D.C. in His Highness the Maharajah Holkar, was married at Indore to Miss Chandraprabha Bai, daughter of Sardar R. K. Zanana.

**Gore—Webb**

The wedding took place recently at St. Joseph's Church, Chorlton-on-Medlock, Lancashire, of Capt. R. Gore-Webb, son of Mr. and Mrs. R. Gore of Preston, Lancashire, and Dorothy Rose Webb, eldest daughter of the late Mr. Thomas Webb of Lahore and Lewton Abbott, Devon, and Mrs. Webb.

**Joynes—Garnett**

The wedding was celebrated recently in Palestine of Major C. P. A. Joynes, only son of Capt. and Mrs. A. Joynes of New Delhi, and Fifer, Second Class, Captain Garnett, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. N. Ingham of Exmouth, Devon.

**Powell—Wilkinson**

The marriage took place at Christ Church, Cannopore, of Ronald Lloyd Powell and Zek May Wilkinson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Wilkinson. The group photograph taken during the reception at the "White House" in the home of the bride's parents, shows from L. to R. (BACK ROW)—Miss Joan Gordon, the Rt. Rev. the Bishop of Rangoon, the bridegroom and the bride, Mr. J. J. MacMaster, bestman, Miss Anne West, and the Rev. D. J. Bower. (FRONT ROW)—Mr. Wilkinson, Major Moray Bannerman, Roy Hamilton, Jean Mears and Mrs. Wilkinson.

**Youngson—Liddell**

Lieut. W. A. H. Youngson of the Gordon Highlanders and Lt.A.S.C., and Miss Winson Ann Liddell were recently married at Lucknow. The bride, who is the younger daughter of Major and Mrs. C. O. Liddell of Lucknow, wore a beautiful gown of chiffon lace. In attendance were Ilka Liddell, bridemaid; Jennifer Twiss, flower girl and Lieut. S. Harbisher, bestman.



F/O Harichand Dewan from Lahore (RIGHT) granted commission in the I.A.F. in 1940, he completed his training in England and was attached to a Bomber Squadron operating over enemy occupied Europe. To the LEFT is F/O Sandhu of Amritsar, Navigator.



F/O Jagjit Singh of Amritsar (LEFT) and F/O Varma of Karachi, Jagjit, shot down while on operations, struggled back 70 miles on foot, by ferry and truck to his base. After a 36 hour sleep he was in the air again.



# Indian A 11 Y



S/Ldr. Mehar Singh, Commando giving a brief account of his war. Baldwin, F/O



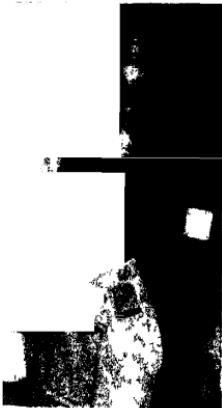
A cheerful evening in the mess.

LEFT : A few of the pilots and air gunners of an I.A.F. squadron pilots (left to right on wing, f.  
r.): F/O Nerukar of Nagpur, F/O Aliark, F/O Jaspal, F/O Atiz of Lahore, F/O Dogra of Kangra, F/O Chuk, F/O Dorabji of Madras and F/O S. L. Laddha of Air Force Station, Nowrangpur. L. F/O Andrews of Yorkshire, F/O Dutt of Lancashire, F/O Sadie of Kohat, Sgt. I. Hyderabad, F/O Dutt of Bombay and I. of Calcutta.

# Force Now s Old



I.A.F. Hurricane Squadron  
invites to Air Marshal Sir John  
hi (facing camera)



air crews after the day's work

**RIGHT** Air crews sunning themselves on the Burma Front. Group includes F/O Basu of Calcutta, F/O Trevor Andrews of Workman, Sq. Pilot, F/O Borden, F/O Attil of Lahore, F/O Sadig of Kohat, F/O Khan of Aligarh, F/O Narsarkar of Nagpur, Sgt. Khan and F/O Marathey



F/O Baldev Singh Dogra the only Rajput from Kangra in the I.A.F. (center) with his pet monkey Vengee the only lady with the squadron a present from an American pilot. Vengee has taken part in many raids over Germany and Italy. To the right F/O Surji Singh Jaypal the only pilot from Kapurthala and F/O Philip Joseph Chandru (left) of Bangalore who has been an instructor for some years. Many of his pupils are now flying in operations with him



F/Lt. Pelli America  
poses to face the  
camera before leaving  
on a sortie over  
enemy-occupied Burma



After being briefed this Vulture Vengeance crew hasten to their aircraft  
F/O Sharma pilot of Lucknow and F/O Sadig the rear gunner from Kohat





This elegant young man is Prince Muzaffar Mohamad-khan, grandson of His Highness the Nawab Sahib Bahadur of Palanpur. Prince Mohamad-khan is about 41 years old and his "Bismillah" ceremony was celebrated recently.



Sandra and Rayfel are the children of Capt. Norman Roseman, R.A.O.C., now in India, and Mrs. Roseman, formerly of South Africa and now of London. Sandra was 3½ and Rayfel about a year older when the photograph was taken.



Mahboob and Fowlik Chinoy, the two stalwart sons of Mr. and Mrs. Habib N. Chinoy of Bombay.



This attractive little fellow is Christopher Blyinskup, son of Captain and Mrs. N. Blyinskup of Mhow.



Carolyn Hester (generally known as "The Snowy"), enjoying a holiday at Madhopur. She is the little daughter of Mr. A. M. R. Montagu, Chief Engineer and Secretary to Government, Punjab, P.W.D., I.B., and Mrs. Montagu.



These three jolly youngsters, Michael, Gillian and Douglas, are the children of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. de Wilton. They live in Dehra Dun.



Stuart, Hugh and Michael are the three fine sons of the Resident in Mysore, Col. Fraser, and Mrs. Fraser.



Joan and Diana are the daughters of Capt. and Mrs. R. B. Adams, formerly of Rangoon, Burma. Mrs. Adams and the little girls are now residing in Darjeeling, N. India.



Michael John, the one-year-old son of Capt. Arthur L. Pereira, Indian Engineers, and Mrs. Pereira.

Shahjahan and his big brother, Ranji, the sons of Mr. Lall, I.P., Supt. of Police, Jullander, and Mrs. Lall. Shahjahan helped to collect a large sum of money during the Red Cross week in Jullander.



Christopher and Patrick, aged five years and one year, are the children of Lt.-Col. F. J. P. Whittington, Punjab Regiment, and Mrs. Whittington.



An amusingly posed snapshot of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. A. J. W. Smart, and their children, Bryan and Belinda, taken in their garden in Delhi. Lt.-Col. Smart is attached to the I.Q. of the Military Advisory-Child Service. Sara, the Force, and Mrs. Smart have a job at C.H.Q., though not in uniform, and looks quite well in spite of two hot weathers in the plains.

## From Handbag To Hat

By "Greta."

BUYING a new hat in India has always been more of a problem than the joy it ought to be, even in pre-war days—but now, of course, it is literally a case of "take what you can get," and if you are stationed up country, as so many people are, you just have to go along with the one that's not a waste has often been these days, but there is always the odd occasion when one is absolutely necessary.

I was at my friend Judy's bungalow when she received an invitation to the latest party. She was lucky enough to have been born for over five years it was with a very disapproving air that she looked over all her hats. In any case, being mostly of either straw or linen they were totally unsuitable for the heat of a facsimile of February when sun and winds are so essential, and she had nothing at all that would go with her new Persian Lamb coat. After searching through several boxes, we came across a black crested handbag—just a strip of double leather with a belt which fastened at each end, lined, and with a zip fastener at the top made into a handbag. Actually the zip had been removed long ago and used for something else. Suddenly Judy sprang up and, with a bang, pulled the leather from her head, leaned over to a mirror. Pulled well down on to the right side of her forehead with the front peak dented in side, and a couple of black quills at one side, this extraordinary handbag turned out to be the most fascinating creation.

We still continued our rambling and presently discovered some odd pieces of chiffon velvet, the remains of an old evening coat. These, after a little planning, we transformed into another hat. A fair amount of double velvet was used to go round the head and this was finished off with a large butterfly bow in front. Narrow pieces twisted and interlaced about an inch apart made an airy but very attractive crown. When completed, it could be worn equally effectively either at the back of the head, halo fashion, or low on the forehead and well to one side.

When Judy returned from her round of galantries she told me that she had one of the same hats, but when she had it as a black felt which, as trimming, had a hank of mustard-coloured wool round its shallow crown with two cunning swirls in front, one a little higher than the other.

## Choosing A Present For The New Baby

By V.E.D.

HERE always seem to be more babies born in the Spring than at any other time of the year, and the question of the moment, now that Spring is here, is **WHAT TO GIVE THEM?** So here is a really useful, the obvious answer, and not, as so many gifts used to be before the war, something absolutely useless. On one occasion an extremely unsuitable gift was passed on from one acquaintance to another until it reached a third eye, and it eventually came back to its starting place; unbelievable, but true! So let us think out something both useful and attractive and not run the risk of launching a boomerang.

But, first, let us see so easy to get things from England and now it is so difficult, but this, in a way, makes it easier to choose a present; one doesn't have the feeling that the mother has already got everything she can possibly need. If she has what she wants, it is difficult to give, and either make it or get it for her, if you can. If you cannot do this, then perhaps you may find some of these suggestions helpful. The giving of them, the B.H.M. can be recommended; one gets so many and they are not always necessary; but if you definitely wish to give some, then do see that there are ribbons at the back, instead of the tiny and irritating "button and loop" they are on these. One of the main things about babies' clothes is that they should be easy and quick to manipulate, and yet we have to struggle with minute buttons at the back of the neck, which will not be easy for a fortuitous baby who has hair, get caught up with it to the intense annoyance of the baby and the added fumbling of Mamma!

Money as a present is increasingly popular; a Savings Certificate is the direct answer to a mother's heart, and even more, to a father's, in these hard times. To give baby his own handkerchiefs is an excellent present; six, or even three; soft handones can either be bought or made, with the name in the corner.

A good home-made present is a set of nappies. They are most useful for keeping nappies in; one can see at a glance how many nappies are inside through the organdie, and it keeps them dust-free; or they can be used for keeping other garments separate. Spring and organdie, or cotton organdie, can all be had at a fairly reasonable price. The prettiest shape is that of an envelope and nothing is faster.

If you can buy or make soft washable toys, you are indeed lucky, as these are



Anthony Richard Lester, the 7½-months-old son of Major and Mrs. "Gee" Dutton, taken in Rawalpindi recently.

most acceptable. But DO NOT give babies those horrible celluloid toys, dolls in particular, which break; they are usually very ugly and are dangerous. Not only are they ugly, but they are particularly suitable for a child to play and cannot be kept as they crack so easily.

The attractive book in which all details about baby are kept, is nice to receive, and they are still obtainable. But it is wise to see that the inside is useful as the outside is attractive; sometimes they are not.

(Continuation next month.)

## What's In A Name?

By "Mary Russell."

MOST people agree that no boy should have a quaint or romantic name—John, David or Michael is still the most popular, with father's name for second place. Just be careful that his initials do not spell some silly word, and the trick is done.

But for girls the choice is so large that selection is difficult. Some people are lucky in having really "charming" names themselves, but many a charming name is ruled out by the picture of the potamous Rosemary or Monica whose dad adjourned one's own. The custom of calling children after relatives is dying out; who wants to be called Cousin Vera or Aunt Maud? And what is the use, in these impetuous days?

Nothing fixes a girl's age more than a "fashionable" name, so, Susan, Anne and Jane do reflect! You now see with your eyes wide open in front of you, but will Victoria, in distinctive clothes, be as popular, and Myrtle, Heather, Veronique or Lavender come to many a birthday?

Qualities are dangerous. Patience, prudence and Joy are excellent attributes, but the girl at 18 will probably lack the first two and overdo the last. Descriptive names become tragically funny when Grace grows up, and the names, Blanche, crimson, checked and Rose, pallid, white. Amanda gets her a nursery.

Will Amanda be a classical revival? Phoebe, Calliope, Cassandra or Hermione? Perhaps these are too ponderous for modern girls, suggesting statuary women, or bardselves.

Or back to Georgians style? Caroline, Charlotte, Arabella or Lydia must surely have admirers, and while Victorian names conjure up great-aunts immediately, there is a definite charm about Emily, Agnes and Fanny which suggests lavender-water and mauve ribbons.

Apart from Elizabeth, Mary and Margaret, which are eternal, there are many evergreen names that do not "date." Who would like Cleopatra, Queen-gramma-mother? Although the discerning might put Phyllis, Dorothy and Hester down as 1900—or thereabouts, Catherine Hope, Jean Priscilla and Barbara Joyce are hard to place exactly.

But take care! When the weighty parentage of a name: "That we both like" has been settled, when it has been formally bestowed by the proxy-godmother, it will not be used. Long before the child can walk she will be rechristened, and by the time she is 18 she will be a bit at all, it will be to Buntly, Biddle, Podge or Jay, which is the one that will stick.



Mrs. John Soyle seems pleased with the novel method employed by her husband, Capt. Soyle, Staff Captain, Campbellpore, to take young Jeremy Soyle on a fishing expedition. Lt. Frank Bennet tends a cheerful hand at the rear.



Miss Margaret Elizabeth (Peggy) Waite, W.R.N.S., daughter of the late Major J. Johnstone Waite, 9th Jat Regt., and Mrs. Waite, 'Khandaali,' Sunningdale Park, Belfast, N. Ireland, whose engagement has been announced to Lt. Francis Harnos Cummings, U.S. Army Air Corps. He is from Texas.

## Kitchen Keenness

By Margaret Brand

SOME time ago salad dressings were given under this heading and now a few good salads. Please adhere to details to get good results.

*A lettuce salad.* The leaves should always be cleaned in ice cold water and shaken in a wire basket to thoroughly dry without damaging the leaves. On no account use a knife, but break with the fingers if the leaves are too large. Serve in a cold glass dish and add a few drops of oil to the water, using oil and vinegar. I suggest you mix half a salt spoonful of salt, freshly ground pepper from a pepper mill, a pinch of sugar, and a dash of mustard of your choice. Fine mix and a dash of oil (the best kind is bought at the chemists!) with your lettuce, then add this vinegar mixture, toss all together very lightly. All should be icy cold. An unusual flavour is given to an ordinary lettuce salad by sprinkling the leaves with well minced fresh mint and parsley, also very little finely chopped spring onion.

*Apple and Celery Salad.* Chop finely some watercress and mint. Mix together and quickly cover with cream dressing before the apple blisters. For the dressing you just mix together some cream, lemon juice, coarse pepper and half a teaspoonful of made mustard. Serve very cold.

*Potato salad of distinction.* Boil some potatoes and cut into slices with hot, soft butter. Cover with oil and vinegar, put into the frigidaire until very cold, just before serving add some hot pieces of crisp bacon, well sprinkled all over the potatoes and pepper and salt.

*A good Tomato Salad.* This, strangely enough, needs careful handling. Remove skins by pouring boiling water over them. Then cut in *thick* slices, cover with chopped parsley and a few drops of oil and vinegar. Before serving sprinkle some oil and vinegar, salt and pepper; a garnish of bunches of watercress add to its appearance and taste.



Latest addition to women's war services in India is the Naval Wing of the W.A.C. (India), formed to recruit women, both Indian and British, for duties for the Royal Indian Naval Navy. Its members wear a smart naval uniform, resembling that worn by the W.R.N.S., and perform secretarial and cypher duties at Naval Headquarters and at Indian ports. Enjoying a short spell of rest from their work at Naval Headquarters are from L to R.: Chief Petty Officer Molina Imam, Third Officer Daphne Jonas, Chief Petty Officer Joan Campbell, and Chief Petty Officer Betty Khan, all of the W.A.C. (India) Naval Wing.

## The Art of Wearing Jewellery

By "Zita"

THE art of wearing jewels is not for jewels only. A woman wears hats with perfect poise; royalty displays crown jewels with royal dignity, while the Indian princess wears her costly gems as if they were her heritages.

But what about the rest of us? How many women realise that there is an art in wearing jewellery? Wearing jewels successfully, if anything, more difficult than wearing one's clothes with chic. First, there are the clothes so easy to buy, and if you find them, don't say that you can give them away. But you can't buy a diamond necklace one day, and discard it the next. No, not even if you are a millionaire's wife or a Woolworth heiress. So many women take their jewels as a matter of course, and it is generally agreed that the best diamonds must shine at the biggest parties, and there the matter ends; whether these diamonds will enhance or detract from the outfit to be worn, is not even considered at all.

Fashions in jewellery keep changing—though, fortunately for us, not with the same frequency as fashions in dress for not many of us would be able to visit the jeweller as often as we set out to buy our latest new sets, borders and shawls. Many women do not seem to realise, however, that fashions in wearing jewellery also keep changing. Today no really chic woman will wear a whole set of jewels, however modern and attractive such a set may be. Jewels, more than anything else, need background to show them up, and if you want to wear them with distinction, pick on one outstanding ornament as a motif, and then build around it. Plan your ensemble to go with it. One or two really magnificent ornaments will make a woman look as expensive as she could wish, while—perverse though it may sound—no many glittering jewels will only make her look cheap. Avoid that 'jewelled' look, and the 'bling-bling' posh look. Jewels need, not only background but breeding behind them.

Now, don't go the other extreme, and avoid jewellery altogether. A woman has to be particularly lovely, or partly chie, to do without jewels for everyday wear. She must make quite sure first, that her appearance is so sparkling



*Sari of pale golden-yellow over a slip of pale yellow, with a border of cut-out emeralds and rubies set in gold.*

that it cannot be improved upon by the addition of gems, for, as a rule, jewels lend glitter to dull women, and greater brilliance to the bright.

Below I give a few gems of advice on how to wear jewels.

If you are wearing an exquisite sari of red and silver gauze, with silver choli and sandals, don't proceed to don mechanically all the diamond and ruby jewels that you possess. Instead choose one outstanding ornament, from among them, or better still, a couple of striking emerald ornaments; this will provide a colour contrast, and suggest individuality.

If you are wearing a sari of delicate green and silver gauze, with silver bodice to match, diamonds and green sapphires to match, diamonds and green sapphires to match,

all your emeralds must go with it; why not pick on some unusual ornament of amethysts or rubies? Here again you will bring in another touch of colour, plus a new note of interest.

If you are wearing any fly-away blue-grey chiffon or georgette, avoid jewellery as much as possible. Does a jeweller ever display his gleaming pearls or his glistening diamonds in a case lined with flowers and petals? No. Though lovely in themselves, flowers and gems just don't go together.

The glint of diamonds lends glamour to black and silver, and the sheen of pearls combined with white and silver, brings brightness.

Long, fanciful ear-rings and longish necklaces give a suggestion of length to wide faces and short necks, while ear clasps and studs, and short modern necklaces give an illusion of width to thin faces. This is also becoming to girls with small faces and long necks. In all such matters, however, let your mirror be your final judge.

To-day there is a craze for antique Indian jewellery, and quantities of traditional ornaments, copied from Ajanta frescoes and old Mogul paintings. These lovely jewels go beautifully with the sari, and suit the Oriental type to perfection, so take advantage of the vogue, while it lasts, and see that you make it last as long as you can.

## Sira Says

### You CAN Be Young Twice!

D'you feel, in this fifth year of war, that Youth Has Had Its Fling? Well, who cares if it has? Don't rascicate! Take a deep breath and take off with it a new personality; not so *jeune fille* as you were before, but with a chic, a Vogue-like poise, surpassing that of anyone you know. So

#### Go To It

Practise optical illusion. Conceal inches of width by vertical stripes, well-fitting foundations, and by having your new clothes made to measure, instead of flinging last year's model at the dervi and trying to cram yourself into the result.

Cast off that Veronica-Lake ingenu hair-do, and have a consultation with your hair-dresser. Sweep your rippling waves up if they cascaded before, uncover that high intellectual brow, or give yourself a chic little neck bun if there is more than one chin to balance.

Don't shop in a hurry. Postpone it until you have a whole free morning.

Give yourself time to take a little extra care in making up your face. And can't you alter your dressing-table so that the best light falls on your face from a different angle?

Go through your wardrobe with a tooth-comb. Pretend that the clothes belong to somebody you don't know, and deduce from them what sort of woman she is.

Go out and buy the latest novel.

Have a manicure, a facial, a pedicure or any other available beautifier that isn't habitual. Give it to yourself if no-one else will.

Even plucking your eye-brows make a difference.

And, most important of all, resolve never *never* NEVER again to slop around looking like an unmade bed.

## Making The Most Of Our Rations

By "Martha."

RATIONS! An undiluted blessing to the Army wife, and a red-ring to her civilian sister!

In this series of recipes for making the best of pre-war frugality at pre-war prices are dishes for breakfast, luncheon, and dinner, and every one of them guaranteed to make the unrationed even greedier with envy than before!

#### 1) SALMON AND BACON PIE.

Flake a tin of salmon, and mix it with a rich white sauce made from margarine, flour and milk. Place in a greased pie-dish and cover with rashers

of bacon. Bake in a moderate oven until the bacon is crisp and the pie heated through.

#### 2) HERRING PIE.

Drain the contents of a tin of fresh herrings (NOT the kind in tomato sauce), and place in a greased pie-dish with alternate layers of cooked potatoes cut in rings. Finish with a layer of potatoes, sprinkle with breadcrumbs and dab with margarine. Bake until a golden brown. Serve with mustard sauce, which is made the same as the white sauce, but substitute the liquor from the herrings (or water) for half the milk. Allow a teaspoon of dry mustard to every pint of liquid, adding at the same time as the flour. A green salad is served with this dish.

#### 3) SALMON TARTLET.

A useful way of using up remains of salmon pie or fish.

Fill a tin of hot short pastry with flaked salmon mixed with white sauce, flavoured with a few drops of lemon juice or anchovy essence. Cover with a thin layer of mashed potatoes, brush with melted margarine, and brown.

## Mutton Dressed As Lamb!

By "Housewife."

OR, new ways of dressing up old things! These recipes should give a fillip to the more jaded appetites!

#### Chili Con Carne

Required: 1½ lb. beefsteak; 6 large ripe tomatoes; 1 large chopped onion; (some people also like a bit of garlic); 1 dessertspoon salt; 1 teaspoon powdered chili; 3 large boiled white beans; 2 tablespoons butter.

Method: stew the beef gently with the tomatoes, seasoning and two of the onions (the should be cut into pieces about an inch square before cooking, and

(Continued on page 48)



This charming picture is of Mrs. Beckett, wife of the Hon'ble Mr. Justice R. B. Beckett, High Court Judge, Lahore. Mrs. Beckett was until recently a W.A.A.F. Conforts Fund (India) and was an Honorary life member of the "Ceri" Club at Lahore, is on her way to England.



Mrs. Lall, who is considered to be one of the most beautiful Indian ladies in London, is the wife of Mr. Shamadhar Lall, Deputy High Commissioner for India. Mr. Lall has occupied his present post in London for five years and right through the war under three High Commissioners. He has officiated twice as High Commissioner. Mr. and Mrs. Lall, with their two sons, who were born in England, have now returned to India.

## The Beauty Of Indian Fabrics

By Billa C. Vakel.

IT was at a party lately where the queen of humour was a well-known English novelist then visiting in Bombay. The conversation turned on Indian arts and crafts, the splendour that was Ind, a few hundred years ago, and the artery of Indian life, the hostess, who is the lucky possessor of some beautiful specimens, brought them out, and it was delightful to watch the reverent adoration with which the guest of the evening handled each specimen in its loveliness of colour and line and form. The collection included some beautiful lengths of old Indian silks, *tanchhais*, *hinkhab*, *patolas*, Cutch and Kashmiri embroideries, heavy *ghats* from Thana and Surat, genuine Benares silk, and a *phulkari* from the capital of this province, an antique work from Peshawar, and a length of the world-famous muslin of Dacca. Each of these was generations old, smelt of age and old campion chests and brought to life a childhood of days when the world was young for thousands of years.

With one or two exceptions, most of the women at the party were dressed in modern fabrics—silks and French prints and georgettes and our clothes seemed suddenly to look cheap and ugly and undistinguished by comparison.

It is difficult to understand why we are heirs to all this beauty do not appreciate it and deliberately fling away our heritage in exchange for something less beautiful, or something which is modern or European or worn by everybody else. By doing so we are not only interfering with the development of our own industries but helping to decrease the sum total of beauty in the world, because which is the heritage of all mankind whether it comes from the East or the West. The result of this indifference, of the total lack of individual responsibility, has been the deterioration of most of our arts and crafts of which this country, the reason of the large number of crafts and culture that it holds, has had probably a larger variety than any other country in the world.

#### Kinkhab Borders

*Kinkhab*, to take only one example which still constitutes an important handloom industry in Surat, Benares and Hyderabad, is not half as beautiful as those made in the sixteenth century. The reason, among others, being that the demand has lessened and interest in its survival does not exist to any appreciable extent. Princess Niloufer, the younger wife of the ruler of Mysore, had given the right lead in this direction and is invariably seen wearing wide and beautiful *kinkhab* borders on her saris. This material is eminently suitable for borders, for *pallasses* on borderless saris, for *cholis*, for *dupattas* and evening bags, and it is a pity it is not more generally used.

(Continued on page 48)



After the christening, at Holy Trinity Church, of James Haviland, infant son of Mr. and Mrs. A. P. LeMesurier. From l. to r. are:—(FRONT ROW) Commander Howard Smith, U. S. Navy, proxy godfather, the Hon. Mrs. C. B. Birdwood, Miss Winifred Milner, godmother, Mrs. LeMesurier with James, Mrs. Wilson, and Mr. A. P. LeMesurier. The children are Sonia and Mark Birdwood. (BACK ROW) Mr. D. N. O'Sullivan, proxy godfather, Mr. Bushby, Miss Beryl Bushby, Sardar Bahadur H. S. Kahal, Miss Susan Bushby, Canon L. Mansfield Gorrie and Mr. James Wilson.

Here is Jocelyn Seweryn de Warrener, son of Capt. and Mrs. H. J. de W. Waller, photographed after his christening. In the group are:—Mrs. Banawiria, grandmother, Mrs. Seddon, Dr. Banawiria's grandfather, Father Hayes, Mrs. Gode, wife of the Consul-General for Belgium, proxy godmother, Capt. Waller, Mrs. Waller with Jocelyn, Mr. Seddon, Mrs. Godryka-Cwirko, great-grandmother, His Grace the Archbishop of Bombay, Mr. Kittay, proxy godfather, Madame Alsac and Monsieur Alsac.



Bours & Shepherd

The christening took place recently at St. Paul's Cathedral, Calcutta, of Veronica Anne, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Mervyn Page. Mr. Page is Managing Director of the National Insulated Cable Company and Associated Companies.



At St. Augustine Church, Kohat, after the christening of Judith Ann, daughter of Capt. A. C. R. Higgins, R.E. and Mrs. Higgins. From l. to r. are:—Capt. "Pop" Baldwin, proxy godfather, Capt. Heath, Capt. Gardner, Capt. (Miss) Saunders, Mrs. Baldwin, proxy godmother, Mrs. Higgins with Judy, Capt. Higgins, Mrs. Heath, Lt. Kyte, Mrs. Rowden and Major Williams.



Hamilton Studios.

RIGHT:—After the christening at St. Joseph's Church, Rawalpindi, of Penelope Ann, infant daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. E. DuCasse. From l. to r. are:—Capt. J. Reid, Mr. P. O. Hay, Sister Jennings, Major Barnett, R.A.C., Sister West, Mrs. Whinck, Mrs. Marlimer, Rev. Fr. Mayer, Mr. J. Heywood, Mrs. Pinfold, Mrs. DuCasse with Penelope Ann, Mrs. Wallace, Mrs. Morley, Mrs. Hay, Mrs. Drake, Mr. DuCasse, Mrs. Fortescue, Lt. Fortescue and Col. Bradley.



After her christening at Lucknow, Margaret Isabel Havelock Vanreenen is here seen with her parents, Major and Mrs. R. M. Vanreenen, and grandparents, Brigadier and Mrs. T. W. Vanreenen.

Valnere Patricia, with her parents Mr. and Mrs. Vorderhill of Madras. Valnere was christened at the Fort Church recently. Mrs. Robison, the baby's grandmother and Mr. H. H. Howard standing proxy for the godparents who are out in Australia.



General Sir Oliver Leese, Bart., K.C.B., C.B.E., D.S.O., the new Commander of the 8th Army, who succeeds General Montgomery, photographed at Mouloua Blanche Aerodrome, Algiers, on his way to take over his new command.

## The Voice of Delhi

By "Mrs. Hawkbee."

MARCH has ever been a gay month, the month of months for entertainments in Delhi, and this year has been no exception, but the gaieties have taken the form of dances and concerts for the British, Americanankers for the British Red Cross Week, and Americans, too, have made fleeting visits and seem surprised at the weather, for March has been both lion and lamb, the queenest gradations of temperature, as capricious as an English spring, but on the whole, delicious.

There have been many pleasant fittings, among them that of the opening of the new office of the H.Q. of the Women's Voluntary Service for India. It is a quaint little stronghold (a former A.R.P. station, now happily not wanted for this purpose) in Connaught Circus. Here



Lady Auchinleck, accompanied by Col. Johnson Cole, emerges from the water after an amphibian jeep ride, arranged by the War Services Exhibition at Puri. Also in view is Nawabza of Rampur, H.E.'s A.D.C.

many women workers were gathered together to hear Her Excellency, Viscountess Mountbatten, who was on a visit, and to listen to inspiring words from the Begum Shah Nawaz whose gentle ways and womanly charm enhance her splendid capabilities. She referred to the fine work that she had seen done in England, Canada and the United States by women and the great pleasure that the ladies in India were coming forward and putting their shoulder to the wheel. Mrs. Ask with (Wendy to her many friends) was there, attractive and handsome as always, in all but with the most becoming bikini that I have seen. Mrs. Vinton, a picture in dazzling white and navy, tailored and spick and span—she is ever an inspiration to her sisters who may be inclined to witt and slack.

The British have a very lively exhibition of modern Indian architecture and sculpture at the Imperial Hotel, opened in a happy speech by Sir Edward Bentham in the presence of a large number of the brightest spirits in the Imperial City. Mr. Raymond Bowditch, the artist and his wife, and a photograph of the artist's wife may be used in referring to his glorious prints which make one not only see but also feel the subject and determine one to visit the originals no matter how difficult the journey!

Mr. and Mrs. Roy's exhibition again brought out the 'intelligence' and all the artists, professional and amateur, of whom there are many here at present. By the way, look out for the Services Art Exhibition at which much interesting and serious work is to be seen. The American Roy pictures sold quicker than the proverbial hot cakes and the most popular seemed to be the bright, child-like figures reminiscent of Bengal village art, which were snapped up at once and there was almost a tussle for them.

Dances have been mushroomed and a jolly one was that at the opening of the Curzon Road Barnes when the American officers invited their friends to dance with them to an excellent band with a wonderful pianist. Then there were the Red Cross Balls at the Gopinath Club and at the Carlton Hotel, the Huan Ball, the jolly affair of the Exwives (such attractive costumes were those!) at 'the Piccadilly' aid in Greece. Then there was the last Stranger's Dance of the season and everyone is looking forward to the next, which will not be another until October. We have all made such delightful friendships there with officers from all over the Empire and above all, with the handsome cheerful Americans.

And talking of Americans, how we all enjoyed the Service Exhibition matches at the Irwin Stadium which were attended by Their Excellencies, the Vicere and Viscountess Wavell. Mr. Gib Sandifer was a revelation in showmanship (good old Tex!) and some of us were taken along in his wake to an entertainment which was never a dull moment, a non-stop variety in fact. There was some marvellous tennis, such a treat to see this again after all those years. There was the deafness of Mr. W. C. Choy, excellent representative of his gallant country, the

left-handed, magnificent volleying of Mr. Mac Elliston (such a precious little snootie cap he wore) and indeed each of the players was a specialist and a delight to watch. Sandifer's auctioneering was most amusing and gathered us all into the fold of a kindly brotherhood making us feel happy and carefree; let's hope we meet him often in the near future.

### A Prize Kiss

Then there was the prize kiss given with unaffected charm by such a pretty Red Cross worker, Miss Margaret Burke, who was one of the highlights of the afternoon. The whole entertainment was in aid of the Chinese Medical Relief Fund and Mr. Shen, Chinese Commissioner, made a moving speech, and his most adorable young wife was the universally beloved Miss Lucy, pencil slim and the fascinating modern Chinese robe.

Concerts have all come in a clump but even so, the more we have the more we want. There was one in aid of the Czechoslovakian Red Cross Fund arranged by the Indian and Straits Legations and an augmented orchestra. Iris Kells in such a pretty, simple white tunic frock sang still better than she has ever done before, as did also Berenice McFarquhar in her rich wine-velvet voice. Then there was a Medley of 'victories'. Miss Stary, generously gave two concerts for the troops at Vicerey's House at the invitation of Her Excellency. So many applications were there for seats, which were reserved for troops only, that two concerts had to be given in one, which had been the original intention. We want more and more such concern for the troops who are our brothers and our cousins and our uncles and who starve for good music. Would it not be a good idea to have a permanent concert party to go on tour and bring the best possible music to all our allied forces? Miss Stary also gave two public concerts, both full to overflowing and there is no doubt that this tiny artist goes from strength to strength.



Air Chief Commandant Dame Katherine Trickey Forbes, Director of the W.A.F., who is in India to explore the possibilities of employing women more extensively with the R.A.F. in India. At present a number of Women's Army Corps (India) are serving at R.A.F. Headquarters and base units.

The Delhi Music Club concert was dedicated to Brahms and discovered a real star in the person of Judith Bromley-Martin whose soaring soprano delighted everyone and whose musical future (interrupted by the war) is certain.

There have been at least two Missions, both of them charming, Chinese and Polish, but we saw more of the latter who were present at a very pleasant party given by the Indian General-Congress and Mrs. Motamedy, a radiant hostess, who had a warm greeting for everyone. The guests all looked specially smart and animated on that occasion and there were many young men and women in attendance, but the highlights were the violet cap and gloves of pretty, young Mrs. Davies so recently arrived from the States, the pert little white bar of Mrs. Weightman (always so sprigged) and the person of a blonde girl, crowned by the feathers of an exotic and unknown bird in coquettish rose, worn by clever and attractive Mrs. Barnes.

Already housewives are packing for the hills and taking much of the difficult road they will have to travel in accomodating the seems that every hill station is full to overflowing and now Delhi, in spite of the miles of buildings which spring up with a mushroom-like growth, never seems to be able to keep pace with its swelling population.



The Persian Cultural Mission arrived in India recently. The Mission consists of H. E. Ali Asghar Hikmat (THIRD FROM LEFT), leader Professor Ibrahim Pourre Doud (THIRD FROM RIGHT) and Professor Rashid Yasemi (FIFTH FROM RIGHT). In the centre is Mr. Matali, Consul-General for Persia.

## Madras Musings

By "Miss Mouse."

**H**AZEL Sell's wedding to Leslie Hooper at St. George's Cathedral was one of the events of the season. The church was magnificently decorated, white lillies on the altar and huge banks of mixed flowers lined the chancel. Hazel's dress was of purest white crepe with a short train cut in one with the skirt—her veil of white tulle was held in place by a spray of suns and she carried a bouquet of lillies. Her bridesmaids, little Jill Kennedy and tall Carol Carter, wore frocks of deep pink with posies of carnations and peach and two pink flowers to hold their soft veils. The bridegroom was the friend of the bridegroom, Duncan Macpherson.

Mrs. Pitts, Hazel's two sisters, who married last year, was in light tan with a tiny beige hat. Mrs. Sell chose navy blue appliquéd with white. Among the other guests were Mrs. D. M. Dixon with her two small daughters, Daphne Mockett, Mr. and Mrs. Higginson and Mrs. Maynard.

The Rotary Club organised a dinner dance and cabaret at the Government in aid of the Red Cross. His Excellency, the Governor, and Lady Hope were present in a large party. The cabaret was produced by Ray Canada from Bangalore and was much appreciated. Colonel Gill auctioned some bottles of



*During the visit to Madras of Their Excellencies, the Viceroy and Lady Wavell, a reception was held in their honour by His Excellency, the Governor of Madras and the Hon. Lady Hope, at Government House, Madras, when these photos were taken. Below H. E. the Governor is presenting the officers to H.E. the Viceroy and above Viscountess Wavell is shaking hands with the Yuvarani of Pithapuram.*

Scotch very successfully, also a silver model of an aeroplane. Mrs. Power, who has just come from Waltair, was with Captain and Mrs. Monk-Mason; and Mrs. Pitts was in a party with Mrs. Cattell and a host of others.

The third race meeting in aid of the Governor's War Fund was well attended; but the going was heavy and the favourites shy in coming forward. Mrs. Afternoon Tea, accompanied by Mrs. Dyson and among the lady owners were Mrs. Nugent Grant, Mrs. C. N. Reid and Mrs. Kehoe, whose horse, Master McKinley, did its owner full justice.

### Lover's Leap

Five members of the Madras Dramatic Society gave a very creditable performance of "Lover's Leap" in aid of the Greek Relief Fund. The play, which ran for a long time in London, was written by Philip Johnson, Jill Coddington as Helen, a young, strong-willed woman in her middle thirties whose husband has left her to devote his time to Egyptology, brought the play to a magnificent climax by her behaviour during a thunderstorm. Lionel Knott, who had played his part superbly, and the audience waited for the moment when he reappeared on the stage. Phyllis Mary Dyson was the perfect hard-boiled, flighty girl of twenty. Helen's younger sister, Sarah, who allows fate to decide her way of living, Eva and Allington, of New Jersey, the unsophisticated maid of Sarah's life, played the part of a nervous young man in a difficult position. Poynter—Richard Triggs in real life, the butler, was an almost silent role, the waiter, the kitchen girl, or the servant on stage. The set was most effective and the producer, Dr. R. J. Dyson, is to be



### Bangalore Lore

By "Jane."

**T**HE Red Cross drive continues, and contributions keep coming in from different sources. Ye Old Vintner Shoppe (run under the Chairmanship of Mr. Colquhoun with many willing helpers) has donated a further Rs. 3,000 from their entire proceeds for January, the Flag Day organised by Lady Beresford Peirse raised a large collection and Mrs. Gourlie, the American Lucki Girl, by her efficient sale of tickets for one dozen bottles of "Scotch," brought in over Rs. 7,000! Mrs. Gourlie was assisted in her splendid effort by members of the American Club.

congratulated on such excellent results of their work.

Their Excellencies, the Viceroy and Lady Wavell, spent a very busy week in the Presidency; Viscountess Wavell included Madras and Coimbatore in his itinerary, while Lady Wavell visited most of her time in Madras itself, inspecting cantines and hospitals and everywhere showed an encouraging interest and enthusiasm for all that is being done. One of the many places to meet with her approval was the newly-opened Government Hospital for Mrs. Lane, Mrs. Pollard and Mrs. Watson who only recently returned to Madras after a long absence. In honour of the distinguished visitors, Sir Arthur and Lady Hope gave a reception to Government officials, at which only 1,000 guests were presented to Their Excellencies, including the Chief Justice and Lady Leach, Judge of the High Court, Advisors to the Governor and other officials, non-officials, Lady Wavell in mauve and white with a large black hat which suited her dignified charm. Lady Hope wore beige lace with brown accessories.

Anthony Paul was down on leave to see how his young daughter Sarah is getting on—and gave a very pleasant party to celebrate Jean's 21st birthday.



*His Excellency, Sir Arthur Hope, decorating Mr. O. L. Burrell at a Police Parade held at Madras. Sir Lionel Gasson, Inspector General of Police, is standing next to the Governor.*



*During a recent visit to Madras, the Viceroy inspected a parade of the city's civil defence forces. His Excellency is accompanied by Mr. A. D. Scollicker, A.R.P. Controller. Sir Arthur Hope, Governor of Madras, is standing on the left.*

Another Red Cross event was the Carnaval and Fete at the Lal Bagh gardens, organised by members of the Mysore State Auxiliary Committee. Mrs. N. Madhava Rao, wife of the Dewan of Mysore, is President of this Committee, and the Fete was opened by the Dewan himself, who in his speech praised the excellent work of the ladies concerned, and Mrs. Vining (Secretary of the Women's Auxiliary) led him on their behalf. Among the many who assisted at the Fete were the Yuvarani of Kagal, Miss Malak Shah, Mrs. David, Miss Isaac, Miss Dinsdale, Miss Srinivasa, Mrs. Anantakarman, Mrs. Kapur and Dr. Allerton.

Mrs. Thumboo Chetty, wife of the Private Secretary to H.H. the Maharaja of Mysore, has been interesting herself in a scheme for providing amenities in the form of club-houses and messes for members of the Indian Air Force at present some miles out of Bangalore. A Committee has been formed, with the Dewan of Mysore as the President, Mrs. Thumboo Chetty as Vice-President, Mr. Allerton, Mr. Howard, Mr. Devarao Shirwan, Mr. Imam, Mrs. Raju, Mrs. Anderson, Group Captain Howard, and Flying Officer Nedungudi.

### At Home

Mr. and Mrs. Thumboo Chetty gave a delightful At Home at their lovely residence "Ballabhav" to over 100 guests. Mr. and Mrs. Francis Thumboo Chetty (their daughter and son-in-law), Mr. and Mrs. Allerton, Mr. Howard and their two sons, Mr. and Mrs. Devarao Shirwan, Mr. and Begum Shah and their attractive daughter, Malek, Mrs. Beales, Mr. Allerton, Mr. and Mrs. Gourlie, Mr. and Mrs. Gourlie, Mr. and Mrs. Gopinath, Dr. and Mrs. Montiero, Mr. and Mrs. Mirza, Col. Aspinall, Mrs. Cowdry, H.E. the Apostolic Delegate, Mrs. and Miss Fay Anderson, Miss Premilla Raju graceful in a flowered sari with vivid trimmings of green, Mr. and Mrs. Devarao Shirwan, Mr. and Mrs. Vikram Sarabhai, Mrs. Clarke, Mr. Anantakarman, the Chief Justice, and many others were present.

Fay Anderson was recently announced her engagement to George Bayley of the Canadian Air Force, and hoped to marry in a few weeks. Joan Taylor (now Mrs. Ian Christie) has left Bangalore for her home in Abbottabad, and her other sister Pam left two weeks later for a place somewhere near Assam, where she is going to drive a mobile camp. Joan Taylor had a small party for Pam the night before the

(Continued on page 35)



Officers of the Lancashire Fusiliers at an At Home "somewhere in India." From L. to R. are:—Major J. Hall-Barlow, Capt. Rai Sahib Dulep Mansingh, Mrs. Barlow, Major A. P. Town, Mrs. Town and Major Simpson.

## In Lucknow Now

By M. F. W.

HERE have been several changes in Civil Lines during the past month. Mr. W. H. Christie has been appointed Chief Secretary, and Mr. Christopher Cooke takes over from him as Finance Secretary to the U. P. Government.

Mr. Lewis-Lloyd, the Deputy-Commissioner, leaves us for Saharanpur. He and his charming wife will be very much missed in Lucknow. In addition to his official duties, Mr. Lewis-Lloyd did a great deal for the way of public welfare work. He was, among other things, President of the Lucknow Branch of the Red Cross. Mrs. Lewis-Lloyd, too, has worked very hard here, and it is thanks to her inspiring and efficient service to the State that a scheme of nursing Association that an excellent system of supplying extra nurses to the military hospitals has been built up.

Deputy-Commissioner in Mr. Lewis-Lloyd's place, is Mr. David Valley; but it would be a change of houses for him and his family, as he has been in Lucknow for some time.

Police circles have also had changes. Mr. Carless left last month, and his place



Mr. D. G. Watson, I.P., who has recently been appointed I.G.P., Central Provinces and Berar.

as D.I.G. of this Range was taken for a short time by Mr. George Pearce, who was followed by Mr. Luck. The Luck have settled down in the U.S. Club, as houses are so difficult to find in Lucknow these days. Mr. Luck has never been known to work with paint and furnishing materials to make their quarters as thoroughly individual and attractive as their houses always are.

March saw a general exodus of children, back to their schools in the hills.

The Governor of Bengal's two children came through Lucknow, on their way to the Hallett War School in Naini Tal. As seems only natural, this delightful school is well stocked from Lucknow! Among those who go are Ian Christie (the "after" of "the jilted and the come-out"); the two Hutchinson Children; David Brotherton, whose father and mother are both in the Army, Mrs. Brotherton being an officer in the W.A.C.I.; Peggy Moss, whose sister, Anna, has just till the left and joined the W.A.C.I.; and (new this joint) David Jago.

### For W.V.S. Canteen

Entertainments in aid of War Purpose Charities have been, as usual, well to the fore during the past month. The big dance at the Chuttar in aid of the W.V.S. Canteen was a tremendous success. It was certainly a Dance of the Year, a real "dynamite" as Krazy Dancer put it; and a nice cheerful, crazy sort of night it turned out to be. Attractions included a miniature canteen, serving Hot Dogs and Waffles and all manner of exciting things to eat; roulette and the always popular "Crossword" (Actor); a cabaret, girls and taxi girls" for the inevitable crowd of extra men to dance with. The cabaret items were all excellent, of their kind. Mrs. Edie and Colonel Windle's turn "A Bicycle Made for Two," was beautifully hilarious, and



Mrs. Audrey North and her three big sons who will be leaving India shortly. They will be missed by their many friends in India and especially by their aunt, Miss Durani Warburton, with whom they have been living for the last three years.

### Bangalore Lore

(Continued from page 34)

left, when Col. and Mrs. Brown showed the colour films they had taken of Joan's wedding.

### Italian Dance Band

The newly-formed Italian dance band has been engaged to play at the B.U.S. Club, and dances have been quite full lately. Pam Tayleur was seen at one waltz, "cette chanson française," with a hand of the same colour as her dark head, and Mrs. Elson was another wearer of this style the same night. Mrs. Crawford and Peggy Bindon (in different parties) had both chosen black satin skirts with blue blouses. Major (now Colonel) Sherriff, back from the Far East after a year's absence, was in a large patry and Mrs. Corbett, wearing an unusual dress of pink satin that flared into a brown ruff skin knee downards, was seen dancing with Alasdair Fraser of the R.A.F. Col. Lodge and Major Kelly's

very cleverly done. There was also a chorus of Canteen Girls; and Major Leveson-Gower sang "There'll Always Be an England" in a most pleasing voice, with a chorus of soldiers and W.C.I.Y.'s.

The Committee of the U.S. Club, has decided (most admirably) to give the proceeds of the Wednesday fortnightly cocktail dances to war purposes of charities. Among those who are to benefit this month, are the Ex-Services Association, and the Lucknow branch of the S.P.C.A.

Another charity occasion was the Bring-and-Buy sale given in the grounds of Sir Tennant and Lady Sloan's lovely house. This has now become an annual event, and a very large sum of eight hundred rupees was made this year, which, of course, went to that deserving cause, the U.P. Benevolent Society. Lady Hallett was present at the Sale.

### "Carola Cef!"

The Red Cross benefited from the Piano forte Recital given at the Chuttar by "Carola Cef!" This was a really delightful occasion, the more so as there is so little in the way of concerts these days. Mr. and Mrs. Hallett and Lady Hallett were present; and also among the audience I noticed Sir Tennant and Lady Sloan, Mr. and Mrs. Bishop, Mr. and Mrs. Cooke, and Mr. Beecroft and his very lovely wife.

Another concert performed by His Excellency, Sir Maurice Hallett, during March, was the laying of the Foundation Stone of the new Maternity and Child Welfare Home being built by the Lewis-Lloyd Maternity and Child Welfare Trust. Located in the large, undivided room of the Trust, Lucknow is not lacking in citizenship, or serious thought for its future generations. Lady Hallett, who has always taken a very sympathetic and active interest in Child Welfare, was present, as were many officials and Lucknow's leading citizens.

party included four sisters in lovely sari's: Mrs. Aitken, Almeda, with Billie, Mrs. Jones, and Col. Chantick and the Spains; and Col. and Mrs. Bennett, the latter wearing black with silver spurs. Major Williams, Col. and Mrs. Halliday, Mrs. Aitkin (whose dark hand is often decked in gold) seen dancing with Air Commodore Mc-Work, Col. Lucas with Col. and Mrs. Cooke and Molly Thomas, and Mrs. Carter in black crepe.

The R.A.F. band played for the War Fund dance on the last Saturday of the month, and the girls were in their usual, lovely, Cynthia Turner's red net frock with its billowing skirt stood out as one of the prettiest in the room, and she wore red flowers in her dark hair. Fay Anderson looked her best in a swirling pink dress, and Mrs. Gandy, in black lace was a tall and graceful figure. Sidney Craddick wore green with red accessories.

The Play Readers' Society opened their season with a reading of "George and the Dragon" by G. S. Society. Pam Tayleur made her last appearance in this, and after the play, Owen Clarke wished her God speed on behalf of the Society.



Dr. and Mrs. V. S. Ram, with their young daughter. Dr. Ram, who was the head of the Department of Political Science, Lucknow University, has been appointed as the Secretary of the newly-created Department of Forest Affairs, Government of India, New Delhi. Dr. Ram has now gone to take up charge of his new appointment and his little daughter seems to be very pleased about it. Dr. Ram represented India in the last League of Nations Conference.

Major Kr. Sumer Singh, who, after a brilliant career at the Indian Police Training College, U.P., joined the only household Foot Guard Regiment of its kind in India and which is doing splendid work in several theatres of war.



Lady Colville, wife of the Governor of Bombay, takes a keen interest in all hospitality activities. She is seen here on the left paying a visit to the Hospitality Committee and discussing hospitality affairs with Mrs. L. A. Hattal, Joint Hon. Secretary of the Committee. Mrs. Hunter is the other Joint Hon. Secretary. At the other table is Mrs. B. Greaves, who is in charge of the section of the hospitality office which arranges for men to spend their leave up-country. Lady Colville took the opportunity of inspecting the Committee's Mobile Canteens and met quite a number of the workers. Mrs. Barker, who is in charge of these canteens, is presenting the workers to Lady Colville. They include Mrs. Shuttleworth, Mrs. Potter, Mrs. Watson, Mrs. Tutton, Mrs. Picot, Mrs. Moody, Miss McNeil, Mrs. Bracewell, and Mrs. Kiddie. The Committee now have three mobile canteens at least two of which go out every day leaving the office about 10 o'clock and returning in the evening after having visited the outlying camps and also some of the hospitals.

## Gateway Gossip

By "Budli."

M<sup>r</sup>. CECIL BEATON, artist and photographer beloved of English society, paid a visit to Bombay last week and at the general furors to meet him "The Observer" Office, "The Onlooker" has, at one time or another, used quite a number of his photographs and the Editor tells us that this month a delightful photograph of the King of Persia and his family by Mr. Beaton is being published as a frontispiece.

Mr. Beaton prides himself on his marvellous backgrounds and to him (though not always to the Editor!) they are of as much importance as the subject, as may be seen from the lovely photographs of Mrs. Paton (see page 18) taken among the stately pillars of Government House in Calcutta. He is giving up most of his time now to the Ministry of Information and is in India on their behalf. Amongst his party was the guest of His Excellency the Governor of Bombay, and Lady Colville.

Another guest at Government House who hopes to spend some time in this country was Major-General Sir Iven Mackay who, with Lady Mackay, has just arrived from Australia to take up his appointment as High Commissioner to India—a new departure on the part of the Australian Government. Sir Iven came almost direct from the battlefields of New Guinea where he commanded the Australian Both he and Lady Mackay made many friends in Bombay during their short stay before going on to Delhi.

### Travel Ambassador

Mr. and Mrs. Roy Gollan came down from Simla to meet the new arrivals and the first to see them, Mr. Gollan knowing India now as well as he knows his own country. He has been here for some years, first as Australia's Travel Ambassador and then as a Trade Commissioner. In order to give Bombay people an opportunity of connecting Sir Iven, Mr. Gollan gave two luncheon parties at the Taj, the first of which was attended by the Governor of Bombay and his Advisors, the Senior Service Officers in the Army, Major-General Alton and Lord Advocate Ranney and Bombay's leading industrialists, more of whom were invited on the second day.

Simultaneously, many Bombay ladies had an opportunity of meeting Lady Mackay at friendly luncheon parties given by Mrs. Gollan at the Yacht Club.

The Australian Association entertained Sir Iven and Lady Mackay to a dinner

at the Taj when Mr. and Mrs. Newbery and Mr. and Mrs. Colville were also there. Lady Mackay wore a marina-blue dinner dress and Mrs. Gollan was also in blue in a becoming hyacinth shade, softly gathered. Mrs. Newbery, wife of the President, looked attractive in a filmy pink and white floral nimon and Lady Colville, who, as you may remember have recently had Sir Hugh's brother—"Tubby" of Toch H fame—staying with them en route for other parts, Sir Hugh was complaining that he is getting writer's cramp as a result of having to re-arrange his brother's enormous mail.

During the evening Miss Shanti Seldon charmed the guests with her delightful playing, her choice of music being particularly pleasing.

The Mackays will be joined, before this is published, by their daughter, Mrs. Jean Mackay, whose husband is an Australian, a prisoner of war in Germany. She has been at G.H.Q. in Cairo but comes to join her father in a secretarial capacity.

Lady Mackay proved to be a tireless shopper, endeavouring to make up shortages in their needs which they were unable to get in Australia where clothing is very strictly rationed.

The Australian party was seen about a good deal and enjoyed an afternoon at the races, having previously been entertained to lunch by Sir Sultan and Lady Chinnoy. After the races Sir Iven and Lady



Mr. Habib Rahimtoola and Mr. Homi K. Dady-Burjor held a most successful joint exhibition of their photographs in Bombay which was seen by several hundred people. The photograph of this little fellow was one of the exhibits. He is Mr. Dady-Burjor's son. Apparently he did not care too much about being photographed for everybody to see.

Mackay, accompanied by Mr. Moodie and Capt. Pring, joined a party given by Mr. and Mrs. Newbery, at the Willingdon



Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Smith in their box at a recent race-meeting at Mahalaxmi, Bombay. Mrs. (Gladys) Smith's Navy Sheepskin Jackets League is well known and her small and dapper success in the Merrie Told Red Cross Pelt in Bombay taking over half a table of supporters. With her and Mrs. Smith is Mrs. Harris one of the Sheepskin League's most enthusiastic helpers.

Club cocktail dance, among the other guests being Shitalan and Lady Colville, the American Consul and Mrs. Donovan, the Cossans, Bhuvandevi Markers, Habib Rahimtoola, Raschid Baigs, Mrs. Guzdar and Begum Abdul Kadir, down from Junagadh (where her husband is Dewan), looking serene and lovely as ever. After the dance, at which the party went to a nearby cinema to see a private showing of Walt Disney's film "Victory Through Air Power" based on Major Sevenky's book.

Another arrival in Bombay welcomed with open arms by friends of friends, was Mrs. Maxine Turner, wife of John Turner of Reuter's, looking extremely well after a sojourn in South America, the United States and England. Young John is still at home at school but Peter came back again with his mother.

### Whale Birthday ?

Eddy Wadia celebrated his birthday (no idea which!) the other evening when he and his popular wife, Eva, entertained friends, among whom were seen Dr. and Mrs. Mehru Masina, the Tatars (she in an attractive light blue and silver dress with gold embroidery), Mr. and Mrs. T. S. Adams, Marjorie attractive in white lace, Miss. Gina in red and gold, Mrs. Jones from Burma in black with sequins; a delightful newcomer to Bombay—Miss MacLean of the American Red Cross, and others with gold embroidery, Mrs. Blair, Miss Pillai, Alibek and others, others. Eva herself was in a smoky-blue suit sparkling with sequins.

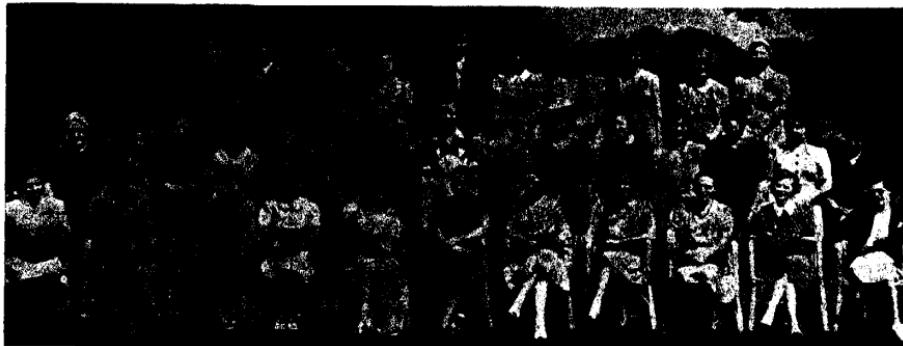
Mention of parties calls to mind a very successful one given by the Burns-Lawson on the occasion of the return to the fold for a few weeks of their daughter Pat, now, of course, Mrs. Bill Carter.

Most interesting guest on that night was General Verschueren-Campbell who had just been promoted to the rank of Major-General. He had been informed that his son, commanding a Royal Navy submarine in the Pacific, had been awarded the D.S.O. for the sinking of a Japanese aircraft carrier. Mrs. Campbell, well known in aristocratic circles in Delhi, was unfortunately unable to come to Bombay with her husband. A son and daughter who left India little more than a year ago to train in Africa has just received his commission in the R.A.F.

During the month news came of the arrival of a daughter, Marilyn Gaynor, Captain and Captain and Captain Lindsay-Robertson. Mrs. Captain's mother, Mrs. Mosley was down meantime in South India with them.

Her many friends in Bombay and Madras will also be pleased to learn that Dr. and Mrs. Smith (daughter of Captain and Mrs. Noshell, Bombay) has also got a daughter. Mrs. Smith went home with her husband to England some time ago.

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Members of the Board of Management, Committees and Secretaries of the Bombay Y.W.C.A., at a luncheon given by the President, Mrs. E. Jones, at the Willingdon Club in honour of Miss Tsui Kwei, National General Secretary of the Y.W.C.A. of China. From left to right are: (FRONT ROW) Mrs. Ditchburn, Mrs. C. F. Lynn, Mrs. C. K. Lowndes, Mrs. E. F. Fletcher, Mrs. M. K. Kuman, Mrs. T. K. Mrs. E. Jones, Miss M. R. Law, Miss O. Kao, Mrs. L. P. Bourne, and Mrs. S. S. W. Britain. (SECOND ROW) Miss Crown, Mrs. E. M. B. Ghosh, Miss E. Madala, Mrs. A. Street, Mr. T. G. Scott, Mr. A. MacRae, Mrs. E. Portlock, Mr. N. M. Cammell, Mrs. A. C. Baldwin, Mrs. K. Wilson, Miss M. Hyem, Miss M. Drescher, Miss S. Aaron, Miss T. Passanah, Mrs. F. R. Harper, Mrs. F. M. W. Harrison and Mrs. A. E. Everard.

Hamilton Studios



Sharda, the lovely wife of Mr. Ramesh Balakar of the Bank of India Ltd., Bombay.

## Gateway Gossip

(Continued from page 36)

### R. B. Y. C. Regatta

Although the ranks of Bombay's yachtsmen are somewhat thinned and a number of yachtsmen are now in the water, a very creditable attempt was made to emulate the Regatta of peace days. Entries, as was to be expected, were not numerous during the week and the Seabirds Ladies' Race had to be cancelled. In the Handicap Class the event was won by Mrs. Thomas, the captain of *Varuna*. First over the line was *Merpe* steered by Mrs. Ahlsland whose husband crewed for her. *Merpe* was closely followed by *Capella* steered by Mrs. Joan Noel Park who made a re-appearance on the horizon after several years absence. The Governor's Cup (Handicap Class) was won in good style by *Sapita*, owned and steered by Clarence Steerwood from *Capella* which, steered by T. O. Kyneleysley, secured no fewer than four wins in the week during the Regatta, tribute to that keen yachtsman's ability and knowledge of the vagaries of the harbour. The much-coveted Gordon Bennett Cup sailed on the last day of the Regatta was won by *Varuna*.

(Alastair MacRae), the MacFarlane Cup in the same event for first over the line, going to *Capella*.

Sir John and Lady Colville were on board the *Varuna* when the trophy, which Lady Colville gave away the prizes. She wore white for the occasion and Miss Colville was in a pale blue suit with smooch of the same colour. The Commodore, Allan Percy, was in excellent form when he made his last speech in that capacity as he was due to fit Col. Ralph Emerson who, as Vice-Commodore, was due for "promotion" just when he was called to active service, of which he says he is lively in North Africa. Sir Sicily before the Regatta invited to assume the General Management of the G.I.P. Railway. Among the most popular recipients of a number of prizes was Mrs. "Pens" Glaisher who steered her lovely cruising and racing yacht *Melody* first for the day on two occasions, twice in the season, stealing the limelight and the gun from the oldest and most experienced of male "skippers."

### First Flower Show

One of Bombay's most energetic women, Mrs. Lilavati Mundhi is to be congratulated with her husband on organising Bombay's first Flower and Vegetable Show. She did a great service to the City and it is hoped that she will repeat the effort next year when, with ample warning, the City's flower lovers and enthusiastic vegetable

growers, will have had time to do themselves and the City justice.

Indian and British women alike were inspired by the message brought to them by Mrs. Gresham Gresham, President of the World Y.W.C.A., who passed through Bombay on her way to Australia. The Y.W.C.A. were fortunate in that she was present when the Bombay Branch held its annual meeting and the President, Mrs. E. Jones, was able to speak to her at the same time. Miss Tsui Kwei, National General Secretary of China and the new National General Secretary of the Indian Y.W.C.A., Miss Sosa Mathew, was also present.

From a financial point of view Mrs. A. F. S. Talyarkhan and her helpers excelled themselves when, as a result of the Merritt Town Fete, they were able to hand over to the Red Cross Fund no less than three lakhs of rupees. The most dramatic about the work done by all the helpers was the work done by all the helpers who worked steadily for eight days. The Fete was opened by Lady Colville, dressed in soft grey with touches of pink on the shoulders to match her flower bouquet, accompanied by Miss Colville, most appropriately wearing her St. John Ambulance uniform which suits her so well. Mrs. Talyarkhan wore a wine-coloured sari with a satin border of a deeper tone.

Several hundred people accepted the invitation of Mr. Amindin Shalehboy



Lady Colville, on her recent visit to Deolali South, laid the foundation stone of the Daria River Club, now under construction, as an amenity for officers and their families, and Nursing Sisters of the Station. Lady Colville is seen here with Lt.-Col. Munn, Chairman of the Club.



Hamilton Studios

Shriman Maharakumbar Khanderao of Baroda, having obtained his commission, is now in the Indian Cavalry. The Maharakumbar, who is an all-round sportsman, is the grandson of the late Maharaja of Baroda and a cousin of the present Maharaja. His studies at Cambridge were interrupted by the outbreak of war, when he returned to India.

Tychee to a reception at the Turf Club one Sunday afternoon to celebrate the marriage of his daughter Shirin with Zafarali Tayballi Rajabali and an enjoyable evening was spent by the guests amid the pleasant surroundings of the Turf Club which made an ideal background for the many beautiful girls worn by the Indian ladies.

"Linda's Jumble Shop" donated the proceeds of sales from her fittings for February. St. Dunstan's Rs. 1,000. Matunga "Widows' Appeal" Fund Rs. 1,000. "Welfare Soldiers" Families Rs. 100. B.W.V.C., for the B.N.H. Library Rs. 100. Women's Services Club Rs. 100. Scotch Kirk Rest Room for Service. Red Cross League of Mercy Rs. 600. Total Rs. 4,000.



*Captain "Bishop" Bentley, who is a well-known figure in Ooty circles, recently stayed at The Club whilst on leave, when he succeeded in fitting into a crowded programme, a most welcome*



Presentation of the Kaiser-i-Hind Medal to Mrs. MacKenzie at the Promised Darbar held at Sibi by Lt.-Col. William Rupert Hay, C.S.I., C.I.E., Agent to the Governor-General, Resident and Chief Commissioner in Baluchistan. Mrs. Phyllis MacKenzie, the wife of Brigadier MacKenzie, Area Commander, received her Kaiser-i-Hind Medal for the splendid work she did in connection with the inauguration and organisation of the British Forces Club, which is so popular amongst British Troops in Quetta. She was largely responsible for the preliminary work for the Club in 1942 and personally collected the names of all those willing to work there. She arranged the details to be carried out by each volunteer and drew up a scheme for the working of the Club by which members were responsible for the cooking, heating, cleaning and preparation of the rooms, as well as the actual serving of the food, sale of cigarettes and other things to the men. There are now 8 W.V.S. members employed in the Club each week and Mrs. MacKenzie is still responsible for preparing the roster and arranging their duties. In addition she is now organising Secretary of the Women's Voluntary Service in the Province and deals with the questions of rationing, distribution and passes, as the effect war-separated wives, and with

## Poona Prattle

By "The Prawn"

**T**HIS delightful Promont cold weather is over, and the arrival of warmer days has seen the beginning of the move to the hills of those lucky enough to be able to get away for a day or two.

The secret of the proposed visit of Sir Claude Auchinleck, the Commander in Chief, to Poona was well kept. He and General Beresford-Peirse stayed with Major-General Beard at Command House. The Times Club were particularly delighted in being selected for a visit by India's popular military Chief.

Colonel Dunn was an extremely good  
varney show to amuse the patients in  
his hospital. The cast, all local, was of  
a really high standard, and included  
Bunny Potts, Arthur Parris, and some  
looking Nursing Sisters who  
certainly knew their stuff on the stage.

Other distinguished visitors to Poona included Mrs. Cromell, Vice President of the N.W.C.A. from London. She



gave a very interesting lecture to a packed audience of women war workers, and had some enlightening things to say of women's work in England under war conditions.

quest of Colonel and Mrs. Dick, who will be greatly missed when they leave Poona shortly. Mrs. Dick has put her heart and soul into her work as W. V. S. commandant of the Convalescent Depot, where she has organised comforts and amanities with tremendous success. Her mantle is, I believe, to fall on Mrs. Carnow when the Dicks leave.

Mrs. Nunn, wife of Brigadier Nunn, has organised a series of lectures on Arts and Crafts to train more helpers to teach Diversional Therapy to troops in hospitals. Mrs. Hunter, Mrs. Jones and Mrs. Wolfe are the talented ladies who are giving instruction in leather work, toy-making, paper mache and many other fascinating types of work which should prove of great interest and value to the sick and wounded.

The Blood Bank has been active of late, and Patsy Pratt and Marjorie Stewart were seen very spick and span in their uniform, collecting as many volunteers as possible for this very vital cause. It is such an easy way to help in the war effort, that it is surprising more people don't come forward to donate their

blood and so do their bit.

From Lucknow comes the news of the engagement of "Terrie" Smith (Lillian Mary Elise) daughter of Lt. Col. and Mrs. E. G. A. Smith who were for many years in Poona, to Capt. William Isles Galloway, M. C., Gurkha Rifles, of Glasgow. "Terrie" is now a sergeant in the W.A.S.C.



*Photograph taken on the occasion of the first anniversary of the opening of the Noves Canteen, Rawalpindi. From L. to R. are (SITTING):—Lieutenant H. Evans, C.B., M.C., Mrs. Bowen, Canteen Representative; Sardar Bahadur Kalihi Dalip Singh, Down, Mrs. Evans, President, W.I.S. (STANDING):—Mrs. Thompson, Mrs. Booth, Mrs. Sham, Mrs. Strang, Mrs. Cable, Mrs. Stanton, Mrs. Household, Mrs. Pinniger, Mrs. Mox and Mrs. Blucher, Canteen Workers. Many others were, unfortunately, unable to be present when the photograph was taken.*



*Miss Heather Keelan and her sister-in-law, Mrs. Audrey Keelan, pose prettily for their picture at the Deolali Club Swimming Pool.*

**This Is A Taradiddle :**

Sharp : I think you will admit, old chap, that some men owe their success in life to their wives.

Keen : Yes, but others owe their wives to their success in life.

**And This A Tale :**

The Girl : You make me think of Venus de Milo.

The Young Man : But I have arms.

The Girl : Oh, have you? I hadn't noticed.

**The Hold-Up**

"Jack was held up by two men last night."

"Where?"

"All the way home."

**Tim Teeks**

"I never loved anyone but you."

"Nonsense."

"You are the light of my life."

"I've heard that before."

"I can't live without your love."

"Foolish talk."

"If I could only tell you how much I love you!"

"Think of something new."

"Will you marry me?"

"Well, now we're talking."



"—And, or—ek Bandobust—!"

**Puzzling**

An officer home on leave from India brought back a beautiful tiger-skin and proceeded to give a graphic description of the exciting shoot during which he had bagged the fine specimen. The family listened enraptured, with the exception of the youngest son.

"That's all very well," he said suspiciously, at the end of the recital, "but how did you manage to shoot it so flat?"

**CLUES ACROSS :**

- Shows temper—perhaps on account of the looks?
- He is OLDER " for fighting
13. Name of bird to make a good dish?
14. Can a payment fall?
15. "IN EAR" (Anagram)
16. "MAN TRIES" to make turrets
17. Disengaged
18. I never first credit
19. I never often find them
20. When typed it becomes conventional
21. Article
22. Denotes the tobacco?
23. The weed seems to be mostly ill-covered.
24. Hunt and conceal the wild duck
25. Penned stone
26. How's some for you?
27. Food included in the price of your ticket?
28. Signifying cessation
29. There appears to be an ornamental flower on the door
44. The relatives jumped out of their skins
45. Glimmer
46. The kind of clay to get in at last
47. Keenly all the nerves
48. Misappropriated nearly all the vestments
49. A false position to assume?
50. "MISSY ST."
51. A design impressed, evidently, with the first instrument
52. An old man had, to spell the word
53. What it means the heat
54. What is awaiting settlement?
55. What?

"And what did you learn in Scripture lesson, dear?" asked mother.

"Oh, all about the Ten Commandments," replied Tommy.

Brown : Do you know I'm losing my memory. It's worrying me to death.

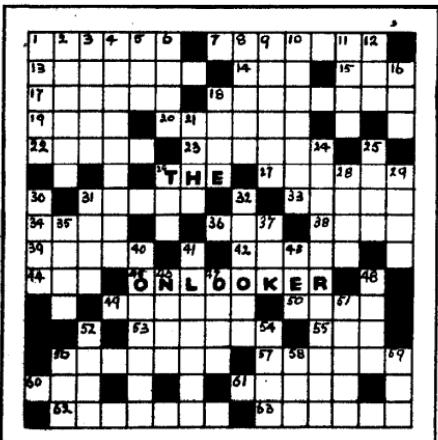
Jones (sympathetically) : Never mind, old man. Forget it all about it.

Is it necessary to send stamps with a manuscript?" wrote a young author.

"More necessary than it is to send a manuscript," replied the worried editor.

Magistrate : What did the constable do when you called him a lobster?

Prisoner : He pinched me.

**"The Onlooker Crossword"**





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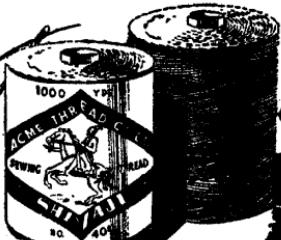
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STOCKIST'S APPLICATIONS INVITED

# Jodhpur Jottings

By "Jodhpurin."

THOUGH the suspicious hour of closure was 2.30 a.m. on Sunday evening in March, a lot of distinguished guests were present in the Darbar School Hall to witness the opening ceremony of Red Cross Week, performed by the Maharaj Kumar. The first night of the week was a fete at Jawant Hall, the hall of the Maharajah, and it was to all the best-looking young women in the place in Red Cross uniform, invading offices and messes with flags to sell. Our American allies are helping the War Effort by decorating their jeeps and lorries with flags, and the girls are round the stations, though maybe driving Dorothy Goldsrew and Dorothy Duncan and all around is not such an effort at that.

Joanna came back from Bombay to take part in the first production of "British Lives" with Dame Lucy Duff-Gordon and Richard Cadogan and Phillips Ashby, who were both seconded from the Army. It was nice to see a play instead of a movie for a change and nice to have such eminent visitors from the U.S.A. as General E. S. Williams, who organised a Club dance in their honour and it certainly was a good one.

Sgt./Leader Howard Rice from Simla

was there and Major Dolgano from

Delhi and Joyce Worsman, staying

with the R.A.F. She is Guy's cousin

and his husband is in the Intelligence

Service in Karachi.

As this ENSA company is temporarily withdrawn from circulation, Joanna is staying on with father, to his delight and that of all of us who know her; including the United Nations forces!

### Distinguished Visitors

A number of distinguished Indian visitors at the hotel included Man Singh of Jodhpur, Raj Singh, Uday Singh of Patan and Maharaj Sri Pratap Singh of Janagar with Captain Karsi Singh. And our old friend Raj Rajah Alshey Singh, now in Lord Louis Mountbatten's staff, home from the front for a few days, just in time for the Holi festivities. His own house here was given over to R.A.F. for the officers'

men, but they have outgrown it and recently been given Raikotra Palace, where they will have a lovely garden to ameliorate the hot weather.

Air/Commodore Vincent on his lawful occasions passed by just in time for a big farewell dinner at Chhitar Palace, where His Highness gave as a farewell to Major Studd, who had been serving for 33 years on the Jodhpur Railway. When he joined it was the Jodhpur-Bikaner Railway and most of his service was in Bikaner, till he came to Jodhpur in 1946 as Manager of the newly-separated Jodhpur-Bikaner Railway, bringing with him his nickname of "Stuffy," which is known throughout India, in golf clubs and bridge tables as well as at more earnest conferences. In the last War he joined the R.F.C. and was awarded the Croix de Guerre and the O.B.E. (Military Division). In 1941 he received the C.I.B. The last few years have seen many farewell parties for him, as well as the Palace one; notably a dinner, given him by all his officers. His main pastime was golf, if the game can ever be a mere pastime for a R.A.F. pilot, and a poor handician, (Not to say about 18 in Wooterspoon, but he's gone to the War), and instead of repining for the green courses of Caledonia, was content to toil nightly round our sandy fairways. Major Studd was in the Best Club from F/O John Lambie, and S/Ldr. Bill Powell, defeated Pte. Sled and Brian Mahon in the finals of the Ratanas match foursomes. He is expecting shortly to sail for England, when his man is described upon Guy Rawins.

Another visitor to the Palace was Col. R. T. Harrison and back from Bombay, is Mr. S. Norbin working on another beautiful mural in Chhitar Palace. In connection with the interior decoration of the Palace, Mr. Walter George has come over from Delhi and Mr. George is staying on here.

Nancy Bishop came down from Lahore to pack up her belongings. They have been lucky enough to get a house there, instead of having to live in a hotel. "Bish" is now a Wing/Commander.

### A Hollywood Setting

Beryl Bigg hopped up to school in Naini, but was back in time to help the Red Cross Week. Sir Donald Field is still away, but Lady Field is here, very busy with Red Cross, but finding time to give some of her lovely embroidery work to the Red Cross. There's a return for the delightful party the Americans gave us in their Mess recently. Coloured umbrellas and tablecloths, flowers and lawns and all were an almost Hollywood setting. Captain lent the garden to the R.A.F. for the last week. It must be very encouraging to Ettie Simpson to see how the movement has progressed under her Commissionership. Her hard work, sympathy and enthusiasm have certainly produced results which are contagious since now we are all more patriotic.

At the Road House Canteen, the Weekly Brains Trust Quiz, run by the Rev. James Glenie and Pte./Lt. Ken Howard, is immensely popular. The men have also started a Hindustani class, with a special teacher to teach them. Anne Warren is still in charge of the Branch House contending with the increasing difficulties of sugar and such. But her difficulties are less than those of Major Studd, now in charge of Price Control Bureau.

Did we say that Molly Mahon won for the Maharaj Dhini, Ajj Singh Cap for Medal round?

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## My Shooting Autobiography

(Continued from page 23)

knowledge of the subject at that time, Wassmann, that was his name, would rig up a couple of poles with a wire attached, apparently as an aerial, and with another wire connected therefrom to his typewriter. He would then tap the typewriter in the presence of some local notables, listening in for long periods with great apparent interest. He would then announce that he had been in communication with Berlin and that the All Highest had been pleased to grant him permission to shoot a particular malleable individual who was then acting as his audience. Mingled with his congratulations would be inserted a subtle suggestion that the customary thing on such an occasion was to have a bottle of whisky and a pipe. Wassmann was a pipe smoker and a devotee of his whisky. He was, it was said, the practical recipient of a "furious" decoration which failed to take! However, in the end his house of cards, so craftily erected, crashed about his ears.

Some time later, when I arrived, we were up the line to join the Striking Force. I, as usual, on the lookout for game! Doves once again were all that I bagged until we arrived at Dalik,

the last camp before striking into the hills. At Dalik there was a delightful little river in which we had some cool and refreshing bathing. Beyond the river there was a wheel which seemed to hold the promise of snipe. We were not disappointed, ten snipe in all, the kompanie was too good and on one occasion I went across accompanied by my fine young Punjabi orderly, a handsome young Awan from the Shaburpur regiment, and a boy from the Srinagar regiment. The orderly had begun to get up and I pushed on into the centre of the wheel. There a bird got up and I fired and missed and then from a few hundred yards off someone fired at me and missed also! We heard the report and a bullet came into the water about ten yards away from him. Looking in the direction from which the sound had come, we saw a man hastily mounting a horse. As soon as he was in the saddle he rode off as fast as the horse could fling and very soon disappeared in the distance which was just as well as we would have been at rather a disadvantage to say the least pitting No. 8's against a rifle!

We got much better shooting as we got higher up into the hills. Chikor was the name of the camp and once the fighting was over and things had settled down, we were able to get out for some very pleasant little shoots.

I remember my delight when on a

## Tiger Shooting In Indian Forests

(Continued from page 23)

and actually closed my eyes and rated whilst the heat came steadily closer. A slight noise made by dry leaves to my right suddenly made my conscious of my surroundings and I stood up taking aim. D.B.B.L. Inc.

"To my great surprise I saw a big tiger crossing the nullah about 25 or 30

certain occasion I bagged more birds than our Captain Master, Captain L. W. Middleton, who, although he was suffering from cancer and was almost blind in one eye, was a very good tiger shot. I was at the time, Middleton was a planter who owned a big tea estate in Assam and had joined up as a volunteer for every war including the Boer war. He had all manner of arms and tools which he had collected, we ourselves being very bare of breast at that time! Middleton, as so many really fine shot are, was very encouraging and generous towards the young idea and when our Colonel, the famous "H" was asked if he had any objection "Well, young Herdson has wiped your eye this time!" he laughed with complete good humour and replied "He certainly has, sir!"

yards away from where I was, going actually towards the direction of the heat. It had stood about 25 yards away to my right, probably watching me and possibly was now disturbed by the shouts of the beaters coming closer. I, rather than rifle the tiger, took a look and a length ahead of the tiger and fired at the running beast, letting go both barrels in the excitement.

The tiger rushed past roaring and soon disappeared in the thick scrub. On arrival of the beaters and their master who had happened and the head shikari, a fine old man of 60, soon spotted the pug marks left on the ground. Following these a few yards ahead we came on blood-stained leaves and drops which fell in as the tiger had gone past. Evidently the tiger was desperately wounded and it was very dangerous to follow him like this. I warned all the men and we formed a small circle, with myself, my orderly and the shikari outside and a rifle ready to fire whenever on the trigger. As we approached a second thicker a deep grovel swindled from under a big bush and we caught a glimpse of the tiger moving off again. We therefore decided to leave his tracks and follow the blood trail. He was found dead the next day about 500 yards from where we had left off, partly hidden in tall grass and dry leaves. He measured 9 ft. 8 inches.



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## Cool Coonoor

By "Cecily"

**M**R. and Mrs. Huggins were at home to their friends in the Coonoor Club at the end of February. It was a distinctly enjoyable evening, and it attracted lots of people. I had a seat for most of the day. There was Kitty Briscoe, from Burma, with her brown hair and blue eyes, in red and black: Jock Small, in from the wilds: Hilda Harwood, who is so busy these days running "Dunmore" Officers' Hostel, in black and white: Joyce Ellio, with Joyce Ellio, with an alluring hair-style, which I suggested she should hang on to for ever—it was so delightful. Mrs. Webb wore a graceful black velvet dress, whilst Mrs. Briscoe was in black lace.

Co-lycener was as full of spirits as ever, as he told the story of his life to Mary O'Leary and Claude Goughby Grant, who later joined in a frothy Victorian persuasion—which I rather envied. Mrs. Hill, whose husband is a Professor of English at Patna University, was in multicoloured chiffon. I saw her with long dark hair, which is always so attractive in black. Mrs. Lee-Harr in beige lace was with Mildred Porter, wearing an original frock of sequined net: a necklace of zircon and diamonds added to the charming effect: Charles Murphy, in a greyish-green gown, tells me is to marry Tam Pierce at the end of April. Catherine Butcher in multicoloured crepe was with Maisie Wood, in a pretty gold and green frock. My friend, Katherine Pryde wore blue, with a white lace collar. Mrs. Webb, just returned from Bombay, was wearing a graceful ring velvet gown of navy: Mrs. Renaux and her daughter were with Capt. Reddish, and I had a word with Francis Cooke. Mrs. Huggins in black with golden sequin motifs, was an admirable hostess, as was Harold Huggins an admirable host.

### Cooler Katagiri

Farewell, farewell, my dear old 'Tope Said Sydenham (the Höle)..... Mr. Sydenham-Clarke, grand old Nilgiri planter, gave a most interesting farewell, to about 100 friends, "Rob Roy" Estate, on the eve of his departure for colder climes. Our host, who has the Peter Pan quality of eternal youthfulness, received his guests at the foot of the terrace overlooking the tennis courts. He was joined by his charming daughter-in-law, Avril.

From a most charming bower of sweet peas, servants emerged laden with trays, and soon the guests were talking animatedly over the tea-cups, prior to playing tennis, bridge, badminton and deck-tennis.

Amongst the badminton players were Gwen Knight, in gold and white, her sister, Helen, in beige, a widow, a merry rackets' player: lovely Ruth Jones was in dark green crepe de chine: Joyce Ellio, her fair hair a-curl, was in navy, and golden-haired Cynthia Voelcker in a becoming shade of mauve.

Sitting around on the lawn, I noticed Mrs. Moore talking to Mrs. Gill; pretty Louise, in a pale blue and white, was at a table with Bill Aiton, Eva Milne Henderson and Mrs. Ross. Mrs. Winterton, in yellow, was discussing High Finance with Marcia Marinoni, who tells me she knows nothing about it; Elsie, Lady of the family, coming in was in a black and white pleated crepe de chine. I congratulated her on the visit of the stork to her door about two months ago, when he deposited two delightful boys, both answering (in English) to Welsh names: I find it difficult to spell as to pronounced. Nancy Morris, in navy in emerald green and pretty Pat Birt, wearing an attractive frock of delphinium blue, has eyes surprisingly brown: Shireen Bradshaw-Smith was in an unusual shade of mauve, which accentuated her creamy skin and bright eyes; she was



A happy house party at Primrose House, Ootacamund. In the group from L. to R. are:—(FRONT ROW) L., H. Alexander, I.A.O.C., Lt. G. Evans, R.N., Capt. Phillips, E. Lanes, and 2/Li. Cummings, I.E. (SECOND ROW) Capt. P. Roger, R.A., Mrs. G. Stewart-Gratton, Major Wilmott, R.I.A.S.C., Lt. E. Watling, R.A., Lt. K. Snavy, R.A., Mrs. M. McAv, Major G. Stewart-Gratton, G., and Capt. Burnett, R.A. (STANDING) Capt. Bonnister, R.A., Lt. K. N. Pope, R.A., Capt. Muslow, I.A.O.C., and Lt. H. S. Hulme, R.A.

talking to Jane Tuckett, a merry soul, in navy and white. Mrs. Mack, not far from me, was at a table with the Collector of the Nilgiris and Philippina Smith—both ladies talking about gardens. Mr. Crombie, who is a great authority, Joyce Cooper looked well in grey and Mrs. Harrack, who has a great dress sense, was wearing in dark pink and grey. Maisie Barrow, in a multicoloured crepe, had a lot to tell me of her visit to Bangalore.

On the tennis court, blonde Margaret Yates, Joy Longhurst, Sally Bourne and Avril Sydenham-Clarke leapt about like fawns in the sunshine, and later, Col. Apice, Jack Weller (the Rev'd), Messrs. Anderson and Headland demonstrated that a man is young as he feels.

When I entered the Paradise of the strong, silent Bridge Players, only Mrs. Herbert Longhurst smiled at my intrusion!! Jean Shaw, dark-haired, was in navy and white. Mrs. Turpin, a charming Dame of ten, Nancy Winterton, wore reseda green: blonde-haired Daphne Dalton was in an attractive brown and pink ensemble: Olga MacDonald was a dainty figure in cyclamen: Mrs. Bass looked nice in a smart black taffeta and Mrs. Sibley, in a white and blue ensemble. I noticed how very attractive was Helen d'Apice's new hairdressing style: Margaret Beecher in mauve and blue was with Vic Palin, back from Madras, wearing blue crepe-de-chine under a navy jacket. Mrs. Stevens was, as always, smart in black, and Mrs. Stevens wore blue and white. The only hat I encountered that afternoon was that of Olga Way's—on which a red, red robbin, might be said to be "bob, bob, bobbin' along."

Captain Mrs. Henderson, with Messrs. Winterton, Wetherburn and Ross, stood admiring the prowess of the tennis players, although they seemed to be discussing golf most of the time. On Mr. Ross's shoulders the mantle of Mr. Sydenham-Clarke will fall, till his return, which he threatens to do in a year's time.

### War Work

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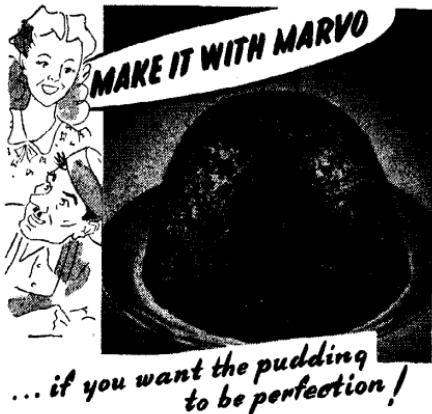


Apart from the dire discomfort of wartime rail travel—apart from overcrowding, from bedding-rolls spread on dusty floors and from lack of restaurant cars—passenger travel does actually slow down the war. It does hold up the movement of vital munitions, the transportation of troops and the distribution of civil supplies. And these tasks must have absolute priority.

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### Philatelists' Corner:

## Still More Free French

By Claude Scott.

**F**REE French stamps remain at the peak of popularity to which they have been issued since then. But they are in danger of a fall-off, so long as of provisionals and other non-strictly necessary stamps continue to appear, even the most ardent collectors will weary of too much of a good thing.

Latest provisionals seem to be a series of surcharges on high value pictorials of the Indian Settlements. Leaving aside all the many varieties and errors, these raise the total of Free French provisionals from this one small Colony alone to approximately 100.

From Rangoon comes news of one more provisional to bring that island's quota to the round 50. Presumably, though, this will be the last, for a definite set has been taken into use. This set was issued in London and the attractive labels show a heap of the country's produce.

Another Free French issue is said by a contributor to the American magazine, *Stamp*, to have "caused quite a sensation in the philatelic world." It is a number of sheets that, with the French battleship *République*, arrived in New York for repair, the postmaster aboard wanted some means of collecting the extra postage on the crew's air mail letters back to Africa. So he had a stock of 14-cent stamps bearing French liberator overprinted "Par avion—Battiment de Ligue—Richelieu." Only 1,500 copies are said to have been issued. Even so, a good number have found their way into the hands of New York dealers who have been offering them at prices from 12 to 15 dollars each.

### Help To Patriots

Meanwhile the French Committee of National Liberation has released another issue to raise funds for the freedom movement inside France. The design is symbolic—support to a Patriot against a background map of France.

Similarly in preparation for the day of liberation, the Czech Government in Britain has issued, as a souvenir sheet, the

designs of the stamps to be used when Czechoslovakia is again independent. Four of these show portraits of Czechoslovakia and the fifth bears the portraits of the leaders of Czech democracy—President Masaryk, Dr. Benes and General Stefanik.

In the footsteps of Poland, the Yugoslav Government in exile has produced a second set of "Free French" stamps for use aboard its high-speed liners. These carry portraits of leaders of thought and action. Yugoslavia during the nineteenth century, set in frames of modern design. Most famous of the modern portraits is that of the great grandfather of the present King Peter.

The Dutch colony of Curaçao is responsible for a "war" issue of particular appeal. Four high-value air stamps have been overprinted and sold to raise money for the benefit of Netherlands prisoners of war. It is reported that the issue was limited to 20,000 sets.

### Abyssinian Commemorative

Abyssinia had a short-lived commemorative issue last November. According to the Addis Ababa correspondent of *The Times*, it was inspired by the placing of a Liture statue in the capital by the Emperor and was on sale for only nine days—from November 4 to 12—and then in very limited quantities. These were five values, surcharged and overprinted "Obelisk" in Amharic and English.

According to the same correspondent, an order for a large supply of stamps in a new design was under consideration. The series, he adds, is expected to include dollar values and the mail stamps and is to be a continuation of the rapid issue of Abyssinia's postal system.

In the British Empire group very few new issues have been reported. The Canadian 5-cent purple stamp has appeared in coil form and Charkhara has released a one-pence purple label in the 1939 type.

### Crossword Solution Problem on page 39.

#### ACROSS : DOWN :

1. Stamps	1. Staff
2. Soldier	2. Terror
3. Colossal	3. Fleet
4. Pts.	4. Miscellaneous
5. Due	5. Pee
6. Arisen	6. Song
7. Minerals	7. Opino
8. Free	8. Lovers
9. Standard	9. Landmarks
10. Four	10. Eden
11. Steven	11. Rat
12. The	12. Kok
13. Souffle	13. Mire
14. Ebony	14. Abby
15. Steel	15. Abo
16. Any	16. After
17. Fare	17. T.N.T.
18. Caret	18. Sled
19. Take	19. Lock
20. Lin	20. Lure
21. Dancer	21. Intense
22. Ked	22. Paid
23. Stake	23. Yak
24. Lie	24. Treated
25. Dung	25. Illegible
26. Tread	26. Note
27. Mar	27. Oils
28. Came	28. Keros
29. Pending	29. Byre
30. Riddle	30. One

Mr. A. P. Conaty of Hartsdale, New York, U.S.A., who won for the third time in succession the Country Club (Karachi) Golf Challenge Bowl. This is a competition which is played off scratch over two rounds and Mr. Conaty's excellent score was 150. He is with the Standard Oil Company, Karachi.



Sneete's Pages :

## The Beauty of India Fabrics

(Continued from page 31)

The fabric known as *patola* (which originally came from Pusa and was, it is said, included in the rousseau of every bride hailing from those parts) is, judging from the rare specimens one sees these days, so incredibly beautiful that it seems crime to have allowed its manufacture to die out. In this material each thread is dyed individually in bits in green, red or yellow as the pattern requires and then woven into a design. The individual thread outlines are not sharply defined and produce a beautifully soft and easy effect.

The peasant embroideries of Cutch in their foamy vivid colourings—magenta and orange, purple and bright green, look very fresh and gay and also as bows. The snap about *tanchaik*, and the stiffer kind of Benares sari is that one has to be tall and slender to carry it off but, allowed these absolutely essential preliminaries, the beauty of both when worn is outstanding and superb.

## Kashmiri Designs

Then there are the delightful, flimsy, hand-printed saris in dotted designs

which come from Kathiawar and are so acceptable even in the cotton varieties. They are very becoming especially when coupled with a choli, Delhi shoes, Indian jewellery and flowers in the hair and can be successfully copied by almost anyone. The Madras cottons with their wide borders, woven in vividly contrasting shades which are suited to a special dusky-complexioned type and look quite wrong on others.

From each of its fat-flung corners this country provides some lovely materials which enthrall the young people for colour and design. It is the duty of every intelligent woman who lays claim to any sort of aesthetic perception to see that this liveliness is fostered for the benefit of humanity and of the generations to come.

## Mutton Dressed as Lamb

(Continued from page 31)

but covered with water); meanwhile boil your beans, and brown the remaining onion separately in another pan with the butter. When the meat is tender add the

chilli powder, and ten minutes before serving the dish, add the beans and browned onion. If you like sour milk curds, and have any by you, try eating it with this dish—it's excellent.

## Cornced Chicken

Simmer the neck and leg and wing joints (ends) of a chicken to make a little soup, adding a pinch of salt. Boil three heads of Indian corn, and scrape off the grain when nicely tender. Wash and chop your chicken and saute it in a tablespoonful of butter, margarine or salad oil, together with two sliced onions; gradually add your soup to the contents of the pan, lastly the corn, and cook all together for ten minutes.

## Sausage Pie

Even those famous ration sausages taste different if you cook them this way! Line a pie dish with shortcrust; fry the sausages (unopened) in a shallow way, so that when neatly cut, they will not be turned out of the tin and fried, and never heated in the tin (exposed to the air they lose some of their characteristic flavour, and become very palatable); slice them in half lengthways, and cover the piecrust with them; make some apple sauce and spread it over the top of the pie; dot the top with butter and sprinkle with breadcrumbs; bake it, and serve it either hot or cold.



## "BETTER WATCH POINTS!

I'VE GOT THAT DIRTY LOOK."

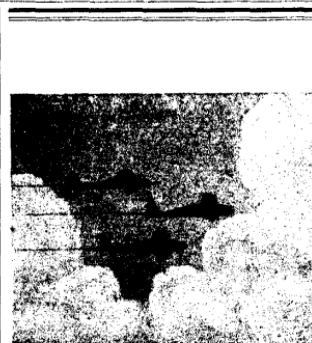
Engine cleanliness is more than a matter of looks. It's a matter in the ignition system. Oil, dust, and moisture on plugs, leads and distributor can impair insulation and cause erratic firing.

See that your

**A U S T I N**  
is as clean under the bonnet as it should  
be outside.

Representative for India:

R. E. M. PRATT, No. 8 Alexandra Road, Poona.



Metal on its mettle

# ALUMINIUM

THE WOLVERHAMPTON WORKS Co., Ltd.

BANK OF BARODA BUILDING, APOLLO STREET,

BOMBAY

**J. K. INDUSTRIES**  
KAMLA TOWER, CAMPBURE.

## From The Editor's Bookshelf:

**"Tikkity Boo"**

THE collection of charming stories, "Tikkity Boo" by T. Dart (T. Dart, Rs. 7-10) is May Dart (Thackeray, Rs. 7-10) son of Thackeray, upon flights of fancy, and all of them illustrated with imagination and originality, is one of Thackeray's most successfully ventures into the realms of children's fiction.

There is a legend of Elephants, in which tradition and fact are happily mingled; there is a story about the house in Brixton was built when the Mint cow stands; another of Nehela and Enoch; and some where fantasy and nature are pleasantly and gaily woven into an ingenious pattern.

Nearly every story has a gently-pointed moral, and children are held by

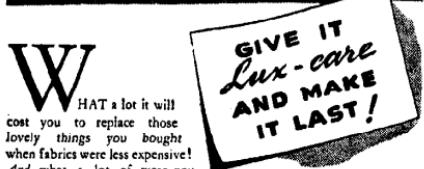
the narrative as well as by the illustrations, of which, both line drawings and colour plates, there are many, all executed with May Dart's well-known, light, yet meticulous, touch.

A few of the phrases, for instance "bitful intoxication" and "such beauty overwhelmed him with admiration," are above the average child's head, and there are some careless grammatical errors, but these fade into insignificance beside the charm of the book, which will no doubt be enjoyed by all children who have obviously been poured into the volume. Any child would be delighted to receive this record of the doing of the Tikkities.

S. R.

**The Ideal Present:****The "Onlooker" Book of Verse**

See full details in advertisement on page 50.



**W**HAT a lot it will cost you to replace those lovely things you bought when fabrics were less expensive! And what a lot of wear you deserve from the pretty things you are buying now—at present prices!

Yes, these are times to take very special care of all your clothes—they must be made to last. So cut out all dhoori-risks, cut out undissolved-soap risks (inseparable from the use of ordinary soaps), and give all your washables safe Lux-care—at home. It's a good thing there's no shortage of Lux.

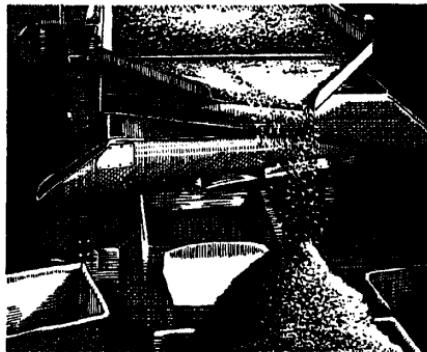
**Lux-care is no trouble.** Make a generous lather. Squeeze and squeeze your pretty garment in the rich, active Suds of Lux. Then rinse, then iron, then crease—*or 3 changes*, and squeeze out the moisture by rolling tightly in a bath towel (don't twist, don't wring). Now, when they've been nicely ironed, your pretty things will be like new again—fresh, bright, and *not a thread* of them harmed.

**WARNING!** Before washing any coloured fabric test a small piece of it in plain water. If the colour runs in the fabric is unwashable. A slight colouring of the water may indicate only "sooty" dye.

**LUX**

**WASHES AND LENGTHENS THE LIFE OF LOVELY FABRICS**

LEVER BROTHERS LTD. LTD. LONDON, ENGLAND

**The Story of Tea No. 6**

Tea leaves on the sifting machine.

**MACHINE STAGE**

When drying, or "firing" has sealed the characteristic flavour in the leaves, the tea is ready for sifting and sorting.

All stalks and foreign matter are removed before the tea reaches the sifting and sorting machine; here a multitude of sieves and meshes automatically separate the larger from the smaller leaves.

The various grades thus obtained, are now packed into separate chests, ready for the next stage in their journey. Careful handling and rapid distribution ensures our tea reaching you fragrant and fresh.

**Brooke Bond**

FOR  
UNSUBMITTED GOOD GIFTS  
TO THE  
UNITED KINGDOM  
AND  
STANDARD PARCELS  
CONFEDERATION OF CIGARETTES  
ETC. MEMBERS OF THE  
FORCES ON ACTIVE SERVICE  
in varying quantities within the  
present regulations, and at inclusive  
prices of 10/- each or less.

**BARNETT'S**  
Confectioners  
ALLAHABAD

## The "Onlooker" Book Of Verse

YOU have laughed over the verses which appear in the "Onlooker" each month. They have entertained you because they have reflected in an amusing way the life we all live in India, our club life, our servants, our friends, our shikar, our hunting 'shootin' and fishin', and so on. You will be interested to know that many of these verses have been put together in a handsome volume bound in "Onlooker" red, which is ready to be sent to you by post at a cost of Rs 12/-, plus bank exchange. Your friends would love to see it. All you have to do is order it from the Book Department, "Onlooker" Verso, 1, Upper India Street, Sir Phurnizah Mehta Road, Bombay, your order and cheque with your address or the address to which the book has to be sent. And remember, it makes a marvellous present

## Bridge Solution

Problem on page 47.

Dumny takes the first trick and leads out trumps after which Sam enters his hand with the Ace of Hearts and draws Jack's trump, thereby discarding a Club. Now the King of Hearts and the Ace of Diamonds are led.

The low Diamond follows and the 10 is finessed. When this holds, dumny reads the hand of Hearts and so discards the King of Diamonds. Jill wins the trick, but must return a Heart or a Diamond to dumny's winners on which Sam discards his losing Club.

# GINKS\*

\*The present fashion for economy encourages us to coin this word to cover the multitude of drinks (long and short) of which Gink is the basis.

Restrictions imposed upon us by War Conditions need not affect the time honoured custom of the East. Come round to drinks

A bottle of Carew's Dry Gin, some lime juice, sugar bitters and soda water will provide a wide variety of drinks to suit the taste of the most fastidious'

If you want to make your bottle go further provide some vermouths and you can add a wider range'

If you number any gin connoisseurs amongst your guests we suggest that you invest in a second bottle of Carew's Dry Gin for they will want to enjoy its full flavour (which has not varied for 12 years) with a dash of bitters and some ice possibly they will prefer a long drink of gin and tonic water with a slice of lemon

**1 LIME GINSLIT** Same as Orange Gimlet but add a few drops of Angostura bitters and use lime cordial instead of orange crush

**JOHN COLLINS** Into a long glass pour a generous tea-spoonful of sugar four or five drops of Angostura bitters, a peg of Carew's Dry Gin and a peg of fresh lime juice. Stir well and fill up with cold soda and some ice

**2 MARTINI COCKTAIL** For two Pour into a tumbler half filled with ice one cocktail glass of Carew's Dry Gin and one cocktail glass of French brandy. Strain into cocktail glasses squeeze a lime skin over the glasses and serve with an olive

**GIN & IT** Fill a cocktail glass three quarters with Carew's Dry Gin and one quarter Italian style vermouth

Empty bottles must be returned from whence they came before a fresh stock of Carew's can be supplied to you

Either your dealer or Messrs Lyall Marshall & Co., 4, Faublie Place, Calcutta will pay you As 4/- per bottle, Rs 3/- per dozen bottles and Rs 3/-/- with case

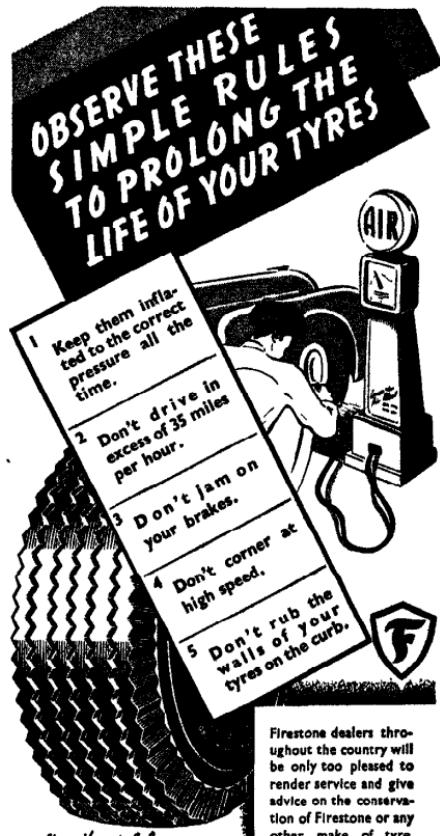
# CAREW'S

## DRY GIN

MANUFACTURED & BOTTLED  
BY CAREW & CO., LTD.  
PRODUCE OF INDIA

THE ESTABLISHED FAVOURITE FOR OVER 12 YEARS

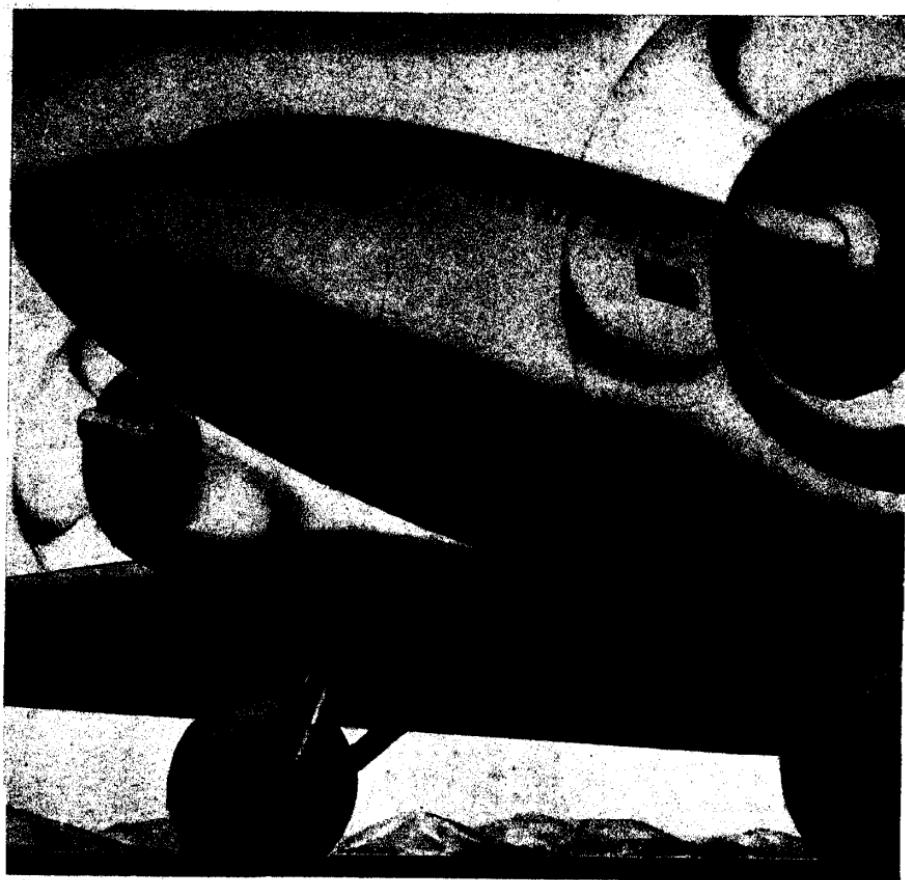
CG 206



# Firestone

SAFETY-LOCK GUM DIPPED CORD  
DELUXE CHAMPIONS

PIRESTONE TYRE & RUBBER CO. OF INDIA LTD.  
Head Office & Factory—BOMBAY.  
District Office—BOMBAY, CALCUTTA, COLOMBO, KELI, LAHORE, MADRAS.



In the great post-war era of commercial and industrial development in India—development in which civil aviation will prove a major governing factor—Tata Air Lines will devote to the country's civilian needs a service still faster, still better-equipped, richer in peace by experience gained in war.

# Times have changed!



TIME-KEEPERS

in Shakespeare's  
Day



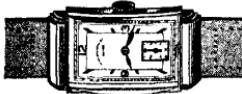
Shakespeare saw the early  
beginnings of the watch.  
There were no screws then  
and watch movements were  
put together with pins and  
rivets. Gear work was  
clumsily done by hand.  
Brass was used for the  
balance spring.

& present day



The EXTRA "F"

18-ct. Solid Gold, Heavy Case — Rs. 280



The EXTRA "H"

18-ct. Solid Gold, Heavy Case — Rs. 345

## West End Watch Co.

Bombay

Send for FREE Catalogue.

*Due to irregular arrivals, it may not be possible to supply all the required articles. Please, therefore, will be to execute our orders as far as our stocks permit us to do so.*



Uniform  
LOVELINESS

Thank goodness for the many lovely faces to be seen, whose beauty Icilmal has been keeping fresh since their owners left the school-room. And it won't be long, we hope, before these soft skins and clear complexions will enjoy the constant protection of Icilmal again.

**Icilmal**  
VANISHING CREAM & COLD CREAM  
FACE POWDER • ROUGE CREAM

THE NYLON COMPANY LIMITED, LONDON

## ALWAYS IN SPARKLING CONDITION-

thanks to this simple care



You will never realize how  
cheesy and uncomparable  
your dog is until you  
let him to keep fit. Regular  
conditioning with my Con-  
dition Powders is the one sure way to  
fitness and good  
spirits.

*Remember*

### PURE BLOOD IS ESSENTIAL

Your dog's whole system depends on  
the purity of his bloodstream for correct  
functioning. But a 'domesticated'  
dog causes impurities to accumulate  
in his blood. That is why it is  
so important for your dog to be fit  
if your dog is to enjoy real health.  
That is why regular conditioning  
with Bob Martin's Condition Powders  
is so necessary.

These famous powders replace the  
natural blood correctives which the  
primitive dog found in certain raw wild  
troughs. They will keep your dog in  
top condition and will lift your dog to a new level of  
sparkling fitness. Start  
conditioning now!

**FREE** Write to The Represent-  
ative or to The Bob Martin's Con-  
dition Powders, 1, P.O. Box 516,  
Mumbai, for free copy of 'Bob  
Martin's Condition Powders' and  
a packet of Bob Martin's  
Condition Powders.

**BOB MARTIN'S**  
Condition Powders  
**KEEP DOGS ALWAYS FIT**



### LOOSE COAT: IT'S CAUSE...

To grow a good coat  
your dog needs good  
condition, and  
thorough purifying  
of the bloodstream  
'conveyer' of the elements used in coat  
conditioning. Your dog is not  
shedding loose hair, it's because that  
coat is under-nourished—a direct result  
of impure blood.

### ... AND CURE

Your dog will grow a thick, lustrous  
coat with Bob Martin's Condition Powders. Their action is to correct  
tonic impurities in the blood  
and to purify the system. Thus  
Bob Martin's prevent and cure disorders  
of the coat, loose hair, dirtiness and  
scratching.

Conditioning is particularly  
important because a dog is a  
porous animal, and the impurities  
are eliminated.



## CHOOR BAZAAR

"Good morning, Sahib. What  
are your Honour's require-  
ments?"

"Six bottles of Rose's Lime  
Juice. The chokha will carry  
them in his tokli."

"Ah, Sir, this is your lucky  
day. The stars are kind to  
you. I have here one excellent  
toyota built in 1911, only  
three letters missing, guaran-  
teed perfect."

"I don't need a typewriter, I  
want some Rose's."

"I quite understand, Sir. I  
have here, Sir, a model of  
Lucknow railway station, con-  
structed entirely of corals,  
coral glass and Gondwana  
brass. No charge for the  
looking. No asking price. Only  
last price. The boy can take it."

"I add Rose's Lime Juice, Rose's  
marmalade? Rose's Rose's?"

"Of course, Sir. Rose's Lime  
Juice. Very good for the drinks  
very good for not having the  
hangover. Everybody is know-  
ing Rose's."

"That's the stuff. Got any?"  
"The most popular. I have  
one copy of 'Sorrows of Satan'  
written by Lady Marie Corelli.  
Only little bit broke. One  
rupee six annas only."

"For the last time, have you  
a copy of 'The Great Gatsby'?"

"Oh, Sahib, you are my father  
and my mother. Also my sun  
and the epitome of wisdom.  
This is only small town, Sir.  
All Rose's is sold out. You will  
have to wait to Calcutta. I  
have here, Sir, one self-tilling  
fountain pen..."

### ROSE'S — The Wise Man's Nightcap

The shortage of R.I.J. which is to be felt more and more  
now, has not stopped us from sparing you what you have and have patience with your supplier.

# AGREED

...



*'We want a cold cream that thoroughly cleanses the skin, not just the surface, but deep into the pores: that nourishes the tissues when it is left on over-night: that is pleasantly perfumed and economical in use. . .*

*'We want a vanishing cream that does not clog the pores but keeps the skin supple: that spreads evenly and retains its mat finish all day: that acts as a real powder base. . .*

*'Agreed that we will use only Stanistreet Cold and Vanishing Creams made by experts for use in the tropics."*



# Stanistreet

Our toilet preparations are manufactured from the finest raw materials the world can offer

\* COLD CREAM  
\* VANISHING CREAM



*Daimler*  
*goes to war*

DAIMLER AND LANCHESTER CARS, LONDON AND COVENTRY, ENGLAND

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